THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Current Comments

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THE month at home has been quiet. The Government continue to lose ground, but not even their bitterest opponents could give any very convincing reason for the change in the public temper. The left wing movement has had a severe setback at Upton, where Mr. Fenner Brockway's poll was the big surprise. The Fascists have scored a success with their Albert Hall demonstration and a rebuff in the House of Commons which refused even to discuss their movement. This was good parliamentary tactics. Ultimately, good tactics will be the death of the parliamentary system. Parliaments, however, must fight with their own weapons, and the most effective of these by far is the refusal to allow any discussion of possible alternative systems of government by offering the electorate merely the choice between rival parliamentarians. It is not always realized that the chief count in the indictment against Fascism is also the chief count in the indictment of the parliament system. The one already constitutes, the other wishes to set up, a régime which by its nature cannot be upset without a *coup d'état*. The difference is that the parliamentary régime involves us, since a series of rapid moves in alternating directions is ruinous, in perpetual motion. The Fascist régime does not suffer from this defect, but from its opposite. Once it is established it depends for its driving force on its self-appointed leaders. It can, if it be well served, progress steadily in the right direction, but there is nothing in the system which *guarantees* movement in any particular direction, or, indeed, any movement at all.

Do we want change?

IN some respects this is a bull point for Fascism. The everlasting cry: "What is the Government doing?" is a fool's cry. It is not the task of government to feed

and clothe people, but to ensure conditions under which the people can do these things for themselves. This simple obligation has not merely been neglected, but its fulfilment has been rendered increasingly impossible by restrictions imposed on every stage of production, distribution and exchange. These restrictions have in their turn led to enforced and subsidized amalgamations and the demand of the workers—now conceded—for "work or maintenance." Fascism, however, has got to face the clear issue. Does it propose merely to improve the present system of politico-economic bureaucracy or to restore the property state? The machinery of the corporate state, the substitution of functional for geographical representation, can be used for either purpose. Under Fascism, big business and the powerful unions will, in fact, find it easy to strike a bargain at the expense of the public unless the machinery of the corporate state is carefully devised on a local or shop basis with a view to preventing such an issue. Is Fascism prepared to insist on shop as opposed to craft unions, on the local as opposed to the centralized organization of employers? Above all, is it prepared to insist on the equality for purposes of voting of the small business and the large? These questions have to be answered before any even preliminary judgment can be passed on the merits of the Fascist campaign.

Where is the Sovereignty under Fascism?

THERE remains the unsolved constitutional problem. Sovereignty to-day resides in practice with the electorate, and, because no electorate can exercise sovereignty, it resides, now in one, now in another, of the competing party machines. Where will it in practice reside under Sir Oswald Mosley's Fascist régime? Will it reside in a nominated council, or in an elective senate, or in the chamber of corporations, or in a ministry of corporations? In other words, are we offered a one-party dictatorship (subject to a plebiscite), the sovereignty of a privileged electorate, or the sovereignty of a bureau-

cracy (again, presumably, subject to a plebiscite)? The clear superiority of the corporate system over the political in all cases when the needs of the time necessitate the regulation of industry is to be taken for granted. The regulation of industry by Parliament has, in fact, been found unworkable, and the delegation of functions of control to non-elective "expert" bodies is an accomplished fact. It is also a fact which no one defends. The uncontrolled bureaucracy which at present sits heavily on commerce and agriculture is admittedly a makeshift. If industry is to be governed, it must be self-governed. None of these obvious facts helps us in guessing where the initiative in matters of policy would lie under a British Fascist régime, or what check will be provided on errors of policy.

Who will control Fascist policy?

WHEN we realize that there is nothing in the theory or practice of the corporate State which enables us to judge whether the British Fascist State is to be Christian or secularist, whether it is to be free trade or protectionist, rationalizing or distributist, deflationist or expansionist, we begin to realize the importance of the constitutional problems involved. Sir Oswald Mosley's views on some of these points are known, though by no means on all of them. If the decision on these matters were to be left to a functionally elected chamber of corporations, the issue might well depend on the balance struck between the claims to representation of agriculture, the export trades, the manufacturers for the home market, the distributive trades, finance, and the professions and services. If, on the other hand, it is the intention to remove these fundamental issues from the purview of the corporations, then a far clearer pronouncement on Fascist policy on these matters, and on the machinery to be set up for initiating legislation regarding them, will have to be made before any judgment can be passed on the claims of Fascism to be considered an alternative government.

Unemployment Insurance

THE new Unemployment Insurance Bill is a great improvement on its predecessors because it establishes the principle that the fund belongs to the contributors, and makes a small beginning in the direction of relating the benefits to the contributions. Nothing is done as yet for the real victims of the system—the continuously employed—who should be given a reduction of premiums after a long period of membership of the fund or alternatively a bonus on passing out of insurable employment. These improvements may be made later, but we have yet to see how the theoretical "removal" of the administration of the fund from political control works in practice. If the abolition of the means test is made an issue at the next election, as it well may be, and if the Socialists win, the principle of insurance can only be preserved by raising the rate of benefit paid by the fund above that paid to the man who has ceased to be qualified for benefit. This in its turn might well reduce the fund to bankruptcy once more. In the case of a socialist victory, again the removal of the relief of the able-bodied unemployed from local politics may prove a direct assistance to political corruption and not a check on it, which all goes to show that you can erect no paper barrier, whether a reformed House of Lords or an Insurance Commission, which will protect democracy permanently from its own follies. The only check which will operate effectively will be transfer of the main interest in the fund from the unemployed to the employed, who will then in their own interests refuse their votes to all who wish to squander their assets.

House of Lords Reform

WE have every sympathy with those who, like Lord Salisbury, seek to reform the House of Lords in the direction of making it more efficient. There will, however, so long as the party machines control politics, be no reform of either House of Parliament, which has the effect of weakening that control. Various speakers in

the House of Lords invalidated their arguments for Lord Salisbury's Bill by the preposterous assumption that the political caucuses were interested in the will of the majority of the electorate. The caucuses may not represent the acme of human wisdom, but they are at least intelligent enough to know that the whole purpose of their existence is to get things done in the interest of their own supporters which the majority does not want. That is the simple explanation why under the democratic system no government is ever re-elected. The accumulated irritation of disgruntled majorities overwhelms it at the polls, however untroubled its time of office may have been. This is not to say, of course, that things which the majority want are never done. On the contrary there is a permanent weight of majority opinion in favour of such things as the monarchy, national defence, peace with honour, the separation of justice from politics, free speech, reasonably honest finance and so forth. Any government which defies positive majority opinion will fall not at the end of its normal term, but in mid career—witness Mr. Asquith's first and second coalitions, Mr. Lloyd George's second administration, and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's first and second administrations. But it is not to assist in preserving those things which a great majority wish to preserve that a reformed House of Lords is necessary, as history tells us. A Reformed House of Lords is desirable to prevent the exploitation of the majority for the benefit of interests. Without such exploitation, however, the democratic political machines would not exist.

The Conservative Records

IT may be argued that exploitation of this kind has never been attempted by a Conservative administration. That is merely true in so far as the recent Conservative administrations have had no positive policy, and have preferred to sacrifice such interests as, for instance, agriculture and heavy industry rather than challenge the phalanx of rival interests which would, in 1924, have resented the adoption in regard to those industries of the

accepted Conservative policy. The truth is that any government which really makes up its mind to a policy of constructive reform can only carry that policy through if it ignores the wishes of the majority on individual items of its policy. Constructive reform calls for a certain ruthlessness, and if we dislike the reform we shall, of course, be wise to make such capital as we can out of the methods of those who sponsor the reform. But we must not expect people to take us seriously, and there is no half-way house between the unlimited authority of the people's representatives in parliament, and a rigid constitution of the kind that exists in Italy, Russia or the United States. We cannot have the benefits of both.

The British Problem

ONE particular difficulty at the moment is that the breakdown of the 19th century system of capitalism has transformed just those questions which used (because they were of secondary importance under the individualist system) to be the normal subjects of party warfare into vital subjects of the kind which, because they were vital, were formerly removed from the sphere of party warfare. We have suggested the reason for this removal. It was because there was a real and tolerably united public opinion concerning them which no government could gainsay. But on the new range of vital problems there is no settled public opinion. It is merely inevitable in the circumstances that these problems shall be the subject of partisan warfare and interested settlement, failing an agreement between the two front benches. As such an agreement could only be on the basis of the gradual socialization of our society, we trust sincerely that no such agreement will take place. The only alternative, is, however, a period of intense political conflict which will be not a paper battle of political machines, but a real battle of interests. The alignment of interests will of course not be capital on the one side and labour on the other, but the bureaucracy, the large trades unions and big business on the one side and the small

property owner, the proprietor of the small shop and small business and unskilled or unorganized labour on the other. Thus history will repeat itself, the temporary alliance of Whig and Tory against the Radicals will break up and the old historic division will return. Whether the Tory retains his traditional true blue badge or dons a black shirt depends, perhaps, less on Sir Oswald Mosley than on the Conservative Central Office.

Oswald Spengler again

OSWALD SPENGLER'S new book—"The hour of Decision"—is in some ways a more striking piece of work than his great "Decline of the West." It has escaped attention how strikingly recent history has vindicated the thesis of that book, and in particular how the new era of Caesarism which he prophesied has arrived. As I write these lines, yet another dictator has appeared on the scenes—this time in Bulgaria. Very striking are some of the outspoken comments which Spengler makes on the present régime in Germany, to which, however, he is not opposed. Sir Arnold Wilson in this number of the ENGLISH REVIEW, offers an eye witness impression of Germany under her new rulers. It is being very stupidly said, in some quarters, that National Socialism was foisted into power by the Junkers, just as it was losing ground, with the object of preventing the triumphant re-establishment of liberal parliamentarianism. This nonsense, in so far as it is honest, is interesting as a reflection of the unchanging optimism of political liberalism, which is as dead as a doornail, and has none to mourn it. It is not, however, on the whole, honest nonsense. As we pointed out before, Liberalism is being appealed to by those whose real object is to see the dictators of the right supplanted by the dictators of the left. The much advertised fact that communism, and communism alone of the old political parties, has survived in Germany to-day is a proof, if proof were needed, that the alternative to a brown was a red revolution. Very

discreditable attempts are being made also to attack the personal character of some of the Junker leaders. A man need not be a saint to be a patriot, and the simple, disinterested piety, the self-less asceticism, the respect for life and liberty, the christian charity and the moral purity which are the notorious marks of all left-wing politicians do not prove the wisdom of the socialist thesis.

The Road Scandal

WE were the first to draw attention, some years ago, to the scandal of the daily slaughter on the roads. Unfortunately to the one scandal is now added another—that of public indifference. Recently all the forces of official propaganda has been employed to try and create a healthy public opinion on this matter, and, not to put too fine a point upon it, the result has been a deplorable and disgusting fiasco. We find it hard to explain even in this cynical age why this indifference should persist. Many of us were confident, when the speed limit was abolished and a new code drawn up, that the effect, if any, would be negligible. It occurred to no one, however, that, if the deaths and injuries went on after the new regulations had come into force, the public would remain completely uninterested. This, unfortunately, is just what has happened. We are reaping at home, in the deaths of our people, the harvest which the pacifists sowed when they first told us that the sufferings of other peoples were no concern of ours except in so far as they could be relieved (assuming the sufferers were fellow pacifists) by passing a resolution at Geneva. If the sufferers were by any chance Royalist or Christian even this sordid pretence of sympathy was to be withheld in the interests of progress. We are learning to-day that it is easier to destroy decent and Christian feeling than to re-create it. If human life is not sacred in Russia or in Spain, or not sacred in Germany, it is on our own roads. Morality is not a matter of picking one's friends and neglecting one's enemies.

Mr. Boothby and The New Statesman

MR. Robert Boothby wrote an excellent letter to the *New Statesman* three weeks ago in which he pointed out that it was criminal lunacy to attack the government for refusing to intervene forcefully against Japan and at the same time to attack them for not disarming further. To this the *New Statesman* replied by repeating the half-truth that " firm action " at Geneva by the powers would have stopped the Japanese advance. Of course. The Powers had, as all the world knows, either to fight Japan or to do nothing. Neither the United States nor ourselves were prepared to fight, and nations which are not prepared to fight lose their right to utter moral precepts to the world at large.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

Everywhere you go

YOU CAN BE

SURE OF SHELL

The White Trousers of Mr. Arthur Balfour

By Humbert Wolfe

IT began with the telephone-bell ringing in a garage across the road at Frinton-under-Sea. A small and dirty boy blundered through the little furnished house into the field at the back, where I was sitting lapped in peace and white flannels. "If you're Mr. Wolfe," he said, "you're wanted in Lunnon. Mr. Adams says 'Come back at once.'"

Many still living remember the broad bright heat of that 3rd of August. In Essex the sun tumbled like a cloudburst of golden hail on the green flats. As I changed into town-clothes cheerful holiday-makers streamed down the lane past the house seawards. One young man with tousled yellow hair, perhaps a pierrot, went past strumming a banjo and singing. His song, which hung on the quiet air, was from the Revue of the moment—*The Passing Show*. "I'm here and you're here, so why should we care," he sang as he walked down to the shore on the morning of August 3rd, 1914.

The tune and the words—most lying of all that throat could have uttered on that particular day—came with me all across the Eastern counties through which I fled in a hired car to London. I remember, before I started, going to speak to a little clerk who had rented the house next door. I felt exactly like a character in that terrible hush at the beginning of one of Mr. Wells' romances. There would be this light curiosity, the friendly chatter, the little folk going about their business, and presently a distant mounting rumour, growing to the formidable roar of a nation in flight. "The Martians are coming!!" the mob would be sobbing, as it ran. The mob were right, but little the fussy mannikin from the City recked of their abrupt neighbourhood. "I've got to go to London," I said. "If anything happens—" I began to feel embarrassed under his blue and vacant

stare, almost as thin and persistent as chloroform. Nevertheless I continued, "If anything happens, you might keep an eye on my wife and baby. They'll be rather alone." He looked dim and hostile. "What should 'appen?" he asked. "Don't you read the papers?" I answered. "O that," he said with a chuckle of relief. "I thought you meant somethink serious—you know, doing a bolt from your missus or somethink. If that's all you've got on your mind, you may rely on me." As I went down the little path I heard him shouting to his wife. "'ere," he was saying "'ere, come 'ere. I've got a good one to tell you. That chap next door—" but before he had expounded the full humour of the chap, that creature was in the motor-car with the whole Sunday summer world humming, "For I'm here and you're here."

Like millions of other young men in the world on that day, I was borne forward on an impulse as though I was part of some great clear wind that with one bright puff had murdered the sleep in the soul of man. In a crazy happiness of excitement I left my family and little house for the old wars. True, I was not going to battle, but only to an office desk and a telephone. But who knew to how changed a desk, to a telephone whispering what incredible news? Jessie stood at the door in the sunshine. I thought that the striped print that she wore would be a pleasant thing to recall. I looked away to the tin garage that, having achieved its purpose, had sunk back into rusty slumber. The driver put in his clutch and we sped round the corner out of holidays into the road back to London. First the long empty roads with the gay green trees, then Colchester with a few soldiers strolling about the streets and an air of expectation, and presently the long unpopulated expanse of the Mile End Road with a little crowd coming towards me in the far distance. They were carrying a banner which bellied out as I passed. It was entangled on the bonnet of the car. We did not stop, we would not have stopped if a

couple of elephants had confronted us. The tune sang in my ears, the mad impulse tugged at my heart. We drew up at the door of Queen Anne's Chambers like the Greek runner who brought the news and died. The bonnet of the car was still enwrapped in a banner which demanded, "Stop the War." Madness and treachery! I tore it off, and went into the building. For me the war had begun.

To have lived through a great war as a civilian is a vivid and abominable experience. Others go across the sea, disappearing noiselessly into dark. Perhaps, as some war-books testify, they leap into cleanness, perhaps, as many more, they tumble face foremost into the mud where the hogs have been. But whichever way it is with them they have action, they are in the presence of the undeniable fact. They do not hear rumours, repeat terrified and terrifying gossip, or live like cottagers on a lonely moor before the printing-press split the dark. This is the civilian state. The first casualty in every war is truth, and with the death of truth the Middle Age returns. The General and the Cabinet Minister each in their place lie persistently, unremittingly and conscientiously. The small man, with his sure instinct for corruption, at first suspects and then is infected by the general miasma. Till by the gradual progress of the malady the seven deadly vices become the seven deadlier virtues. I remember, for example, a charming middle-aged woman in a train talking to her slip of a daughter, as both knitted placidly. From time to time, as her gaze fell upon me, a sudden and wholly inappropriate scowl crumpled the gentle imbecility of her face. She fussed over her daughter, bidding her draw her scarf closer for fear of the draught. She insisted on her putting on her own fur gloves, though in the unheated carriage her own hands were almost blue with cold. Presently the girl said something about air-raids. "Air-raids," said the older woman, "if there weren't German spies in the Government they would send

our aeroplanes over Berlin and blow the schools sky-high. Adder's brood —" "But mother," protested the girl, "that would be child murder." "You can't murder a German," said she, "and you can't start wiping them out too early." She looked across at me challengingly, her face, still contorted with fury, imposed on its rotundity like a comic mask. I said nothing. Her face relaxed. She resumed her knitting. "No, don't you start again," she said to her daughter. "Your hands will get cold. Just sit and hug yourself." Or again I think of sitting in some restaurant at a table next to a man in smart city-clothes and his blonde. The others had difficulty in obtaining a reasonable portion in exchange for their coupons. Not so this person, whose dim leer indicated some special relationship with the management. His plate and hers were full and, though he loudly refused to drink German wine, he felt that a bottle of what he called "bubbly" was needed to console the tired business man and the woman who was his business. He did not actually suck his teeth or shovel his food under his small moustache, but he contrived to suggest both these actions without performing either. He was cumbered with much wealth. "I don't like these new notes," he said, drawing out about sixty from his pocket, and relinquishing a few in his lady's possession after a little slapping of slim by less slim hands. Presently with the coffee and his second brandy he became mellow. It was the time when Mr. Churchill, after displaying reckless gallantry in the trenches, had been summoned back to politics. The City Man sank back with his thumbs (metaphorically) in his waistcoat. "This Winston," he said, "I knew it wouldn't be long before he was back in a 'cushy' job. I told old Blenkins so: laid him evens. Well." He smiled at his chosen. She patted her hair, adjusted her vanity bag and her face. "You are a one," she murmured. But she was wrong. He was not a one; he was a hundred thousand and more in time of war.

No shadow of these things haunted me as I lay ex-

hausted on the grass at Kew Gardens three weeks later. For they had been three weeks of spectacular and violent life, justifying an allegorical interpretation of the tune that I had brought up with me from Frinton. The Gardens were all but empty. The sun could not reach me where I lay snugly under a great oak. Bees hummed and the flowers swayed with hot scent. I was very tired, having been up all the night before, and all the night before that. I stretched myself with a luxurious sigh in the murmurous quiet. I could not from there hear the noise of London. I heard no sounds at all, and least of all the soft distant thud of guns, like quiet feet trampling down the stars.

In the background of my mind was the terrible hush in which the whole world waited before the authentic clash of the armies overseas. "Brussels the bait," the headlines stoutly proclaimed in explanation of that weary retreat—an explanation that, like much else in the Press, I was beginning to doubt. But it wasn't of that I was thinking on the warm grass between sleep and waking. I thought first of three consoling things—that my car from Frinton had cost £5 10s. paid out of cash lying at the Paymaster-General's Office out of the total of £20 upon which Great Britain started upon war, that when I was sent to the Admiralty late on the evening of the 3rd I was blandly assured by the Porter that nobody was about, and thirdly, that in the course of the debate on August 4th every speech, with the exception of Sir Edward Grey's, had been anti-war—with the natural English consequence that war was declared at midnight. A sane beloved nation, I thought, all heroism and no heroics.

There were other thoughts, too, less satisfying. There was Victor Fox on the morning of the 4th of August telling me the first of the spy stories and adding that a big F.O. official had hurried from a Cabinet meeting across Downing Street sobbing, "Those damned poltroons." What a marvellous escape, I thought, as I lay on the grass, from eternal shame. No doubt the great F.O. official had

contributed his lion-hearted share. Then there was the memory of a dinner at the Union Club on the evening of the 4th with William Beveridge and a Liberal Member of Parliament. We watched the mob go roaring and cheering past, brandishing flags on a tidal wave of enthusiasm that swept all before it. We stood on the steps and heard for the first time voices singing "It's a long way to Tipperary." I, of course, shared the delirium, but Beveridge stood in silence, fidgeting with his hands. "It's splendid, isn't it?" I shouted. The Liberal Member looked at me sadly. "Is death so splendid?" he asked. "Useless, tragic, incalculable death." "You don't mean," I gasped, "that you'd let the French down?" "No," he said "I don't mean that. I just don't mean that." He turned away. What, I wondered, lying in the grass, exactly did he mean. We were pledged, weren't we? Belgium had been violated, hadn't it? Well, then, what could he have meant?

I contrasted him with the robust young clergyman whom I had met in the Army and Navy Stores. I was in the Arms Department, considering the purchase of a revolver in the vague anticipation that I might need one. A hearty hand clapped my shoulder. "Good lad!" said he. "The bullets will soon be flying out of that to mow down the Huns." I was a trifle uneasy at this undeserved commendation, but much heartened by the Christian willingness to destroy the foes of Zion. I contrasted his vigorous and foolish face with the quiet ambiguous darkness of the other's anxious intelligence. "Such a man," I thought, "is not fit for war." It seemed to me to be a condemnation.

I had travelled a very long way from summer and Frinton when in the February of 1915 I first entered a room in which both Arthur Balfour and Lloyd George were seated. The glow and splendour had mysteriously begun to be lost in the mud of Flanders. The first blind belief in Kitchener had yielded to a growing uneasiness. What of rifles, shells and guns, insistent voices began to ask,

and voices not always ready to be silenced by the suggestion prevalent in some military and other quarters that to seek to remedy the Army's deficiencies was to help the enemy. Rank after rank of impertinents were mowed down by the powers of self-satisfied evasion. But at last the valiant resistance to the processes of thought which is the contribution of so many eminent soldiers to the process of war broke down before the immense national uneasiness.

The slow historic wrath of England began to direct itself against apparent neglect and inefficiency. The Press, in all other particulars, neither permitted nor anxious to deal with facts, seized upon this one. A confused murmur of ignorant rage began to clamour at the doors of authority. The armies were in danger, it seemed, but what was perhaps more productive of action, the Government was also in danger. They acted. A Committee, or rather several Committees, covering the same ground, were appointed.

At some later date in my life, when it will be possible for me to do so, and if it still seems worth while to correct some of the more outrageous misstatements on the munitions position at the beginning of 1915, I may deal at length with these Committees and their ultimate absorption in the Ministry of Munitions. Like the ghost of Hamlet's father, "I could a tale unfold." For the moment I am concerned with persons, not events, and the dazzling person for me on that Committee was not the Chairman with his frame of a thickset little Welsh Rugby half-back and his general air of one waiting on tip-toe for the ball to be hurled out of the scrum. No, Mr. Lloyd George was not my primary object. The figure that made my heart beat faster as I entered the room at the Treasury was slender and stooping. It gave the impression of languid grace which would throw a pinch of snuff in the eyes of life, treating it as the plebeian it plainly was. It was attired in an ordinary office suit, but in some way suggested negligent ruffles. It adjusted its pince-nez,

as it listened courteously to the red-faced imbecilities of some adjacent soldier. It was cool, carrying its own atmosphere in a vacuum that its aloofness created, and in a time of heat, hate and hysteria it was infinitely reassuring. It was in fact Arthur Balfour.

A fortnight later I was walking alone with him across Horse Guards to lunch in Carlton Gardens. He was unwilling to think of the war and the Committee. I remembered a tale that Wolmer had told me of him during the Russo-Japanese war. "You were in bed," I said to him, "and you were Prime Minister." "Both," he murmured, "possible and neither, at any rate not the first, wholly discreditable." "There was a crisis of some sort and Wolmer burst in to ask you about it. There are one of three policies possible, he said, sitting on the end of the bed. You can either intensify your neutrality, modify it or even end it. In this war—I beg your pardon, you interrupted, but you speak of war. What war?" Mr. Balfour rubbed his hands. "Splendid," he said. "This is splendid. Invent some more things." "But I didn't invent it," I said. "Wolmer told me—at the time when we were founding the Oxford Movement." "O," said he. "I thought that was Pusey." "Yes, but ours was the New Oxford Movement—the resuscitation of the Conservative Party. Our main plank was" and I stopped short in the deepest embarrassment, remembering exactly what that plank had been. Mr. Balfour laughed outright as he turned the key in the door. "Heavenly," he chuckled. "I know what your main plank was—you man-eaters. B.M.G. Balfour Must Go. Though," he said as he went in, "I never realized that my method of going was in fact the New Oxford Movement."

We were three at lunch in the long dining-room. Miss Balfour faced her brother. The conversation at first still avoided the war. Mr. Balfour spoke of metaphysics and listened patiently while I pointed out some of the major defects in his system. He was so charming, however, and so palpably a great man that I conceded to

him the possibility that my view might not be right. "But don't spare me," he observed. "You were saying, I think, that only a total ignorance of Neo-Hegelianism could justify some of my wilder excesses." "O, I say," I cried and blushed. "O, you say," he answered. "D'you hear him." He looked happily across at his sister. "O, he says! Youth still bumps his puzzled head against the stars and wakes to apologize to the nearest policeman." Not a very great phrase, but spoken in that room at that moment it seemed so to me. I remembered Mr. Evesham in H. G. Wells' "The New Machiavelli" and I remembered how Wells had said of that character that he had long patches of ordinariness and then suddenly something happened which was like "watching the flight of an eagle through a staircase window." I was too excited not to blurt it out. "Would it be even worse manners," I inquired, "if I reminded you of what Wells said about you in 'The New Machiavelli.'"? "It wouldn't be bad manners at all," he said. "My sister and I like your manners." I told him, all hot with admiration, about the staircase and the eagle. He remained as cool as a statue of himself by a cynical sculptor. "I must read the book," he said. "What did you say the name was?"

But, before he took me upstairs to see his gallery of Burne-Jones pictures, he made one passing reference to events of the moment. Miss Balfour handed him an extract from a French paper which had been sent to him. It was a map of the front in France, showing the relative sectors held by the French and English in red and blue. The blue sector could barely be discovered with a magnifying glass in the long red coils of the French serpent. The plan was headed "L'effort Anglais." Mr. Balfour put it on one side. "Inconvenient," he said, "yes, I think inconvenient. Shall we go up and see my pictures?" I wandered round the gallery in increasing dismay. I tried to speak words of praise but they stuck in my throat. I looked miserably at all their foolish curves and (to me) imbecile colours. "How could he have

bought the things?" I groaned inwardly. "But," I consoled myself, "even the greatest can't be great all the time in all directions." Mr. Balfour watched me with charmed amusement. He laid a hand on my shoulder. "'You're the second who ever dared to say that," he smiled. "I didn't—I mean I said nothing." "Precisely—so did Whistler—but he had a boil at the back of his neck and couldn't wear a collar. It was like my unconquerable optimism to attribute his silence to a boil."

There are two other occasions of Arthur Balfour, neither of a strictly political kind, that I both remember and am entitled to record. They are both cast at No. 6 Whitehall Gardens where the Committee was housed. We had the great and nobly proportioned dining-room and a small room behind giving access to the garden. The garden stretched down to the Embankment parallel with that at No. 1, through which some years before I had walked to meet Sir Alfred Bateman, Mr. Austin Dobson and Mr. Edmund Gosse. It was, I think, late March or early April. At any rate on the one hand the sun was gilding the sun-dial in the middle of the rank grass and the lilacs in the dimmest of green glimmered enviously at the buds spurting like matches on the almond-trees. It was late March or early April because on the one hand the Committee had achieved little, and on the other I had seen Mr. Balfour about three times a week. Familiarity had not bred contempt.

I was walking in the garden to clear my head. We had been grubbing at statistics till four in the morning and a little fresh air did no harm before the meeting of the sub-Committee, which consisted of Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Balfour and one or two others. I must have forgotten the time in contemplation of the almond-blossom, because I saw Phillips—my devoted helper—waving to me frantically from the Terrace. I raced up the garden to find the Committee assembling. They took their places, and I, as Secretary, sat behind the Chairman and Mr. Balfour.

The subject under discussion was sufficiently unimportant and dull to bear mention 19 years later without serious evasion of the Official Secrets Act. Nevertheless, ex abundanti cautela, I will invent a subject and say that we were discussing the price which could properly be paid for khaki trousers—purchased by the five-million pairs. You are to imagine a general atmosphere of strained boredom in which most Committees were conducted during the war, strained because conscience kept repeating "Don't you know there's a war on," and boredom because the weary mind replied, "Only too well." Each of the distinguished persons present had stated his view on the vital questions of seams, button-holes and buttons. It was Mr. Balfour's turn to speak. He brought to the consideration of pants exactly the same abstract courtesy and directed inattention with which he habitually approached all problems. Nothing was either great or small provided that it afforded reasonable intellectual exercise. A Secretary came into the room bringing a dispatch-box for the Chairman. If anybody had looked at the newcomer they would have noticed that he was unusually agitated. Nobody looked however. He made to whisper in Mr. Lloyd George's ear, but was motioned to silence for fear of interrupting the speaker. Mr. Balfour, was logically arguing the merits of tin against composition buttons. There were many aspects of importance—the shortage of tin for other purposes, the importance of trousers remaining in position during the march, the effect of rain upon composition. Mr. Balfour had then addressed himself to the relevant question of price. Mr. Lloyd George had in the meantime unlocked his case. He took out a single sheet and I heard a movement. I looked round. He was sitting back in his chair, pale with angry eyes. He gave me the paper to hand to Mr. Balfour. As I was uncertain whether I was intended to interrupt him (and moved by plentiful curiosity) I read it. Mr. Balfour was saying, "In the matter of an additional half-penny," when I laid my hand on his arm.

He stopped, politely vexed, adjusted his pince-nez and read, "Lusitania sunk off South Coast of Ireland. Heavy loss of life." His face maintained unmoved its expression of polite interest. He laid the paper down. "As I was saying," he continued, in his cool, easy voice, "in the matter of an additional halfpenny, we must not let the comparative insignificance of the monetary unit involved affect the question of principle."

My acquaintance with Lord Kitchener may perhaps be described as slight. It consisted, as the emissary of the Committee, in standing nervously at the edge of his room, almost in my extreme terror backing against the door, while he exclaimed in a deep, meaningless voice, "What." I do not even know whether this oracular monosyllable was directed to me or to the soldier who introduced me. At any rate the word seemed to have a meaning for him, because he ushered me out again instantly. "I'm sorry," he said. "My fault. I must have got the time wrong." "But my Committee want to know," said I. "K. won't worry much about that," replied the soldier. "I shall be seeing Mr. Balfour in four minutes, I'll speak to him." "Yes, do," said the young man, sitting down at his desk.

I walked across to Whitehall Gardens boiling hopelessly. The information for which I had been despatched was vital and needed urgently. Nobody but Kitchener could give it. He had lowered at me from the other end of the room like a Michelin advertisement of himself. Nobody could be so tall, so broad, so monosyllabic. "I don't believe he was there at all," I said to myself indignantly. "It was just a huge façade in polychrome, a great doll that they worked from behind. The Kitchener of Soudan, of the Blockhouses, of the impenetrable majesty and desert dignity, the Kitchener 'who Wants You' wasn't there. He must, like another deity, be asleep or on a journey. In his place, vague and vast by the little statue of Napoleon, haunted his spectre who muttered 'What' in answer to persons charged by

Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Balfour with an all important mission."

I could have wept. I didn't because, as I flounced into my room at No. 6, I discovered that Mr. Balfour was there writing tranquilly at my table in his large and diffusive handwriting. He sat with his back to the great window and the light chiselled his greyhound lines. He looked up and read my news in my face. "Ah," he said, rising to his feet, "foolish of me. I meant to come along with you. I should have let you know. K. must have been expecting me." "He wasn't expecting me," I said, already more than half restored to self-confidence by his impeccable calm. "Tell me," he said. "Well, sir," I replied, "the Secretary took me in and I stood by the door." "Near to the door?" inquired Mr. Balfour. "Almost up against it," I replied. "Kitchener was standing by the mantelpiece like—" I paused, "The Himalayas on a wet day," suggested a serene voice. "Exactly" I said. "He glared at a panel in the door about three feet above my head—then said 'What.'" "A word more," said Mr. Balfour, "than Lord Burleigh used." "Then, sir," I said "I left." He looked at me with a very unusual expression compounded of laughter and warning. "This never happened," he said. "Enough personal bothers without this. I told you that I was doing it myself. But," he added relaxing wholly into a smile, "I wish that a 'what' of mine had such force. They have a name in electricity, haven't they?" "Yes" said I, immensely gratified and completely happy, "a kilowatt." "How suitable an accentuation of the pronouns of Field-Marshals," he murmured. "And now," he added, "have you noticed my trousers." I looked at them with some embarrassment. They certainly were unusually light in tone; indeed one might almost have called them white. "I hadn't noticed anything," I said untruthfully. "No?" said Mr. Balfour. "They didn't, for example, seem a little whiter than my habit, a little gay?" "Well,"

I said " perhaps they are lighter in colour than usual." "As I feared," sighed he, " as I feared." At which point Mr. Lloyd George entered with very dark trousers and black gloves. " You're coming to poor X's funeral, aren't you, Balfour? " he said with the ball tucked under his arm just ready to touch down. " Why no," said Mr. Balfour, " you see my trousers are inappropriate. Wolfe was just saying how very white they were." The half-back twinkled. " X wouldn't notice if they were red, white and blue," he observed. " Ah, my dear Lloyd George," said Mr. Balfour, " consider my feelings." Mr. Lloyd George contemplated the trousers. " It was unlucky," he said " that you didn't remember X when you put them on." " Wasn't it," said Mr. Balfour. " Well, could you spare four minutes to walk up Whitehall with me? I have something rather urgent to discuss."

They went out like a pylon with its dynamo. About ten minutes later Mr. Balfour returned alone to complete his paper. He was carrying a small bunch of violets in his hand. " Would you be very kind and have these put in water? " he said with no expression in his voice, " a great deal of water. I have carried them down Whitehall. Mr. Lloyd George had them presented to me."

He bent down and wrote, scratching out word after word. After three hours work he had written what he would himself have called half-a-sheet of foolscap. I sent the half-sheet to be printed for circulation. It changed the course of English history.

Whither Japan?

By J. O. P. Bland

THE motives and objects of Japan's abrupt and somewhat clumsily stage-managed "restatement" of her policy in and towards China present an interesting field for speculation. Does her claim ("verbal and unofficial" but none the less definite) to a paramount interest and controlling voice in Chinese affairs imply, as the *Asahi* declares, an epoch-making departure and the assertion of a Monroe Doctrine for East Asia, or is it merely a *démarche* of the Foreign Office, designed (as a *Times* message from Washington suggested at the time) to secure a re-definition of foreign relationship to China as a whole, and thus to clear the ground for next year's Naval Conference? Should the published statement of the Tokyo Foreign Office's unofficial spokesman be taken as representing a definite intention on the part of Japan's rulers to abandon the international co-operative policy laid down in the Washington Treaties, and "to act alone on their own responsibility in keeping peace and order in East Asia," or was it simply a gesture, skilfully calculated to emphasize Japan's "special," or paramount, interests in China, and to protest against the continuance of certain conditions and activities which impede the restoration of that peace and order? Was it meant to indicate an impending, clear-cut issue between East and West, or merely steps toward a readjustment of the "chaotic situation" in China, which public opinion in Japan is no longer disposed to tolerate?

The comments of the world's Press on these questions clearly reflect the influence of two schools of thought. The first, which for some time has prevailed (to the extent of causing unmistakable uneasiness) in the United States, finds, in this "restatement" of Japanese policy, fresh evidence of the complete dominance of the Military Party at Tokyo; new and natural results of its military adventures in Manchuria and at Shanghai, and a decided step towards the fulfilment of the ambitious Pan-Asian

programme, which is to make Dai Nippon overlord of the East, and of all the regions of the Pacific. This school of thought finds confirmation for its opinions in the elaboration of the Tokyo statement which was offered on April 22 by the Japanese Ambassador at Washington. His blunt assertion that Japan " must act alone and decide what is good for China " is interpreted as a menace to the principle of equal opportunity for the commerce of all nations in China, and a direct retort to the Stimson doctrine of non-recognition, in the matter of Manchuria. Those who hold these views can find plenty of evidence to support them, not only in the Japanese popular Press, but in the patriotic speeches and exhortations of many prominent politicians, amongst whom not the least notable has been General Araki, recently War Minister, and Mr. Kaku Mori, of the " Back to Asia " movement. They can point to the undeniable truth that, at present, the control of affairs in Japan rests chiefly with the ardent spirits of the military clans. As it was 30 years ago, so it is to-day, her foreign policy often depends less upon the Cabinet than upon the War Office, and it is therefore never easy for a foreign observer to decide whether any particular incident or utterance of the Military Party is a sudden manifestation of its dominant mentality, or the calculated expression of a definite policy, reached by the " Old Heads " behind the Throne. The advance of Japan's military forces from Mukden to the Great Wall in Manchuria, combined with their operations at Shanghai, certainly supplied ample material for the school of thought which puts no limits to the vaulting ambitions of the Tokyo General Staff and their schemes of world-wide dominion. (A similar state of mind may be observed, in the case of Germany, amongst those who regard Herr Hitler's Nazi writings and speeches as evidence of an unchanging warlike spirit and of conscious thought-processes, accepted by every German citizen.)

There is, however, another interpretation of the Tokyo Government's recent remarkable *démarche*, which

those who know the Japanese best (especially merchants and others resident in the country) find easier of acceptance than the idea of Dai Nippon deliberately running amok and defying world opinion. It is an interpretation which sees in this claim for a "new deal," in regard to China, a natural result of recent events and present policies in that country, and particularly of the failure of the Western Powers to face the realities of the intolerable situation created there by twenty years of misrule and civil strife. A keynote to this interpretation of the Tokyo Government's attitude and intentions was supplied in the statement made (*vide The Times*) by Mr. Hirosi Saito, the Japanese Ambassador at Washington. "After what has happened since the Manchurian crisis," he observed, "it has become evident to the Japanese people that the Western nations know nothing about Chinese mentality."

Mr. Saito's statement may sound exaggerated, but, from the Japanese point of view, it represents an important truth, of which Japanese diplomacy was already fully convinced at the time of the Washington Conference, although not in a position to expound it on that occasion. As official and military Japan sees it, and as their reply to the Lytton report points out, the policy of patient conciliation towards the Nanking Government under the Washington Treaties, the policy upon which the Powers have since insisted at Geneva, has failed to produce any real improvement or progress in China. At the time of the Conference, although prepared to subscribe to its findings, Japan's leading statesmen were not only convinced of its futility, but of the unpleasant certainty that most of the heavy cost of its experiments in political idealism would have to be borne by Japan. Amongst the officials and business men, with whom I discussed these questions at Tokyo and at Washington before and after the Conference, opinion was practically unanimous: that European and American opinion had been entirely misled as to the realities of the situation and the

"dominant morality" of the ruling class in China, and that, sooner or later, Japan would be compelled, for the preservation of her vital trade interests, to insist upon measures calculated to put an end to a "chaotic situation." As a prominent Japanese banker put it: "When things get too bad, as they did in 1900, Japan will have to do policeman's duty; and Europe will pay the policeman."

Here let me digress briefly to observe that, in an article published in THE ENGLISH REVIEW last June, I pointed out that the justification or stultification of the position of the Powers with regard to Manchuria must eventually depend upon whether they are right or wrong in asserting that, since 1922, China has achieved a measure of progress sufficient to justify the benevolent optimism of the Washington Treaties. Furthermore, having in view Lord Lytton's further proposal that the League of Nations should provide Manchuria "with an efficient Government consistent with the terms of the Covenant," I observed that "the League could not devote itself to any more useful purpose than the collection of trustworthy information concerning the present condition of things in China," and that the Powers would be well advised "to call a halt to all further Far Eastern adventures until such knowledge is available." When the Japanese Ambassador at Washington asserts that the Western nations know nothing about Chinese mentality, he is merely amplifying the opinion upon which his government originally based its proposal for an international enquiry into the actual condition of affairs in China—an opinion which, with the passing years, has become a firm conviction. Ignorance in regard to the mentality of the Chinese still persists, chiefly amongst political Intellectuals, in this country and in the United States, and finds frequent expression in the assertion that the Nanking Government is achieving progress as regards the security and peaceful organization of the country; but generally speaking, the accuracy of Japan's diagnosis of the chaotic situation is coming to be admitted and its main

"realities" recognized. The broad facts have been accurately summarized by *The Times* Correspondent in China, in articles published on the 8th and 9th of February,—without apparently shaking the editorial faith of that paper in the progress to be achieved in China by the help of the polemical Dr. Rajchmann and other League experts, all cheerfully ignorant of Chinese life.

None know better than the Japanese how hopeless are the efforts of the most competent advisers at Nanking, unless invested with authority for effective supervision of the financial departments concerned. Every year's experience has strengthened the conviction in their minds, that the fetish of non-interference is futile and that if, as it would seem, there can be no prospect of co-operation by the Powers to impose measures calculated to restore law, order and trade, then sooner or later Japan, as the nation most nearly and vitally concerned, will be compelled to take independent action.

Discussing this aspect of the question, two years ago, I expressed doubts whether "public opinion in England and America, too long misled in regard to the real state of affairs in China, can now be persuaded to recognize the necessity for such a period of benevolent tutelage; if not, the Chinese people must continue to tread the path of affliction until such time as further experience leads to wiser counsels." I added that, unless the wisdom of Japan's Elder Statesmen has been definitely subordinated to the aggressive tendencies of the Military Staff, she should be the first, because the most closely concerned, to welcome any and every proposal for concerted action directed towards the restoration of orderly government and trade. Since then, her trade with China has become a matter of far more serious concern than it was ten years ago, and the conditions and tendencies of international commerce justify her belief that it is likely to become even more serious in the near future. Considered in this light, it may reasonably be assumed that the bombshell, thrown into the Chan-

celleries on April 19 by the unofficial spokesman of the Tokyo Foreign Office, was primarily intended to draw attention to those realities of the Far Eastern situation, which Geneva has ignored in the past and seems disposed to ignore again,—to create, in fact, an atmosphere favourable to germination of the idea, that something must be done, and done quickly, to arrest the process of economic and administrative demoralization in China, which began with the Revolution of 1911.

If it be admitted that Japan is justly and increasingly concerned for the restoration of conditions which shall permit of the expansion of her trade with China; furthermore, that the first condition requisite to that end is the cessation of civil war, banditry and predatory taxation by irresponsible chieftains—it follows that, whatever may be the Government's ostensible policy, public opinion in Japan and the official mind which represents it, are bound to regard with increasing impatience the continuance of certain political activities, financial adventures and commercial influences, which (as Mr. Saito put it) are "not meant to help China to improve its internal conditions; but are intended to help certain ambitious chieftains." Admitted that, in the delicate matter of fomenting civil strife in China, by giving support to this or that faction, Japan's own record between 1911 and 1930 does not warrant the adoption of a censorious attitude; nevertheless, there is nothing in that record to preclude belief in the sincerity of her government in now desiring that law, order, good relations and above all trade, should be restored in China. It can, therefore, hardly be expected to view with complacent detachment the keen and growing competition, which prevails between English, American, French and other firms, to supply tanks, artillery, ammunition, aerodromes and aeroplanes—and even a League of Nations loan —to the war-lords of Nanking, Canton and Peking. Irrespective of Tokyo's recent exposition of feeling in the matter, there is something almost indecent in the

indifference of the governments of the Powers, which profess their deep solicitude for China's welfare, and at the same time continue to permit their nationals to keep the "ambitious chieftains" continually supplied with the sinews of civil war. Especially reprehensible, in the eyes of the Japanese, because conducive to chaos, are "the loans which western nations are giving to various Chinese leaders to further their own ambitions," and most pernicious of all, loans such as that negotiated last year by Mr. T. V. Soong in the United States, for the purchase of wheat and cotton, most of which, if common report speaks true, was sold by the Nanking Government and the proceeds spent on arms and munitions. Mr. Soong's negotiations for the organisation of a new "consortium," to finance the Nanking Government, from which Japan was to be excluded, are quite sufficient in themselves to account for the uneasiness, and some of the bitterness, which found expression in the "Hands off China" incident.

The chapter of that incident, says the Japanese Press, is now closed; it has been ended, apparently to the satisfaction of all concerned, by the exchange of "assurances" between H.M. Ambassador and the Tokyo Foreign Office. But the tale of China and Japan is far from done, and for those whose duty it is to study signs and portents, this same chapter contains "things written for their learning" and food for serious reflection. Not the least interesting feature of the "closed" incident lies in the fact that, while reiterating Japan's adherence to the principles and pledges of the Nine-Power Treaty, the Minister for Foreign Affairs also adheres (very politely) to the national policy announced in the Diet on January 23 a "Monroe Doctrine" that would make the peace of East Asia a matter for which Japan, co-operating with China, is alone responsible. It is a conclusion which professes to accept the theory of equal opportunity for all nations in China, while calmly reasserting the claim with which the incident opened, the claim to a special mission, involving priority of interests and responsibilities. The

situation thus created somewhat resembles that which marked the end of the Washington Conference, when the representatives of Japan pledged their government to support the integrity and independence of China and at the same time gently, but firmly, intimated their country's unswerving determination to maintain its "special rights" in Manchuria. Each is a case of letting sleeping dogs lie—but not for ever.

To conclude. Japan's national policy of expansion, like that of other nations in the past, is compounded of two distinct elements; firstly, the pride of race and ambitious dreams of Empire, which inspire the Military caste and through it, public opinion; secondly, the necessity, imposed by severe economic pressure, of securing and developing, if necessary by measures of pacification, a dependable market on the Asiatic mainland, for Japan's manufactured exports. Of these two elements, the former has predominated of late; at the same time, the whole history of Japan's relations with western nations has been such as to justify the belief that the racial pride and the Imperial instincts of her people are fundamentally very similar to our own, and not, of their nature, aggressive. The sentiments which find expression in their "Banzai," are more akin to those of our national anthem, than to "Deutschland über alles." Intensely patriotic, and deeply convinced of the superiority of the Way of the Gods, they will certainly never be in sympathy with a western world which continues to insist upon racial discrimination against them as Asiatics; the Military party, with its Monroe doctrine for Asia, undoubtedly owes much of its popularity and predominating influence since the war, to this humiliating discrimination. Whether that influence is destined to end in aligning East against West, or whether other influences will eventually succeed in promoting an enlightened co-operative world-civilization, is a question which must depend as much upon intelligent appreciation of realities by Europe and America, as upon the statesmanship of Japan.

Epigrams

By Kenneth Hare

VINTNERS

Wits whose work endures like rock,
Have sprung from good wine selling stock
But what a host of knaves we see,
Whose odious fathers peddled tea !

WARBLER AND CUCKOO

The lyric Warbler feeds with his supplies
The infamous Cuckoo which, without him, dies.
One toils, one battens, and the world infer
The pair a poet and a publisher.

PURITANISM

The world is but a vale of woe,
And we will strive to keep it so.

National Policy and the Transport Problem

By E. J. Broster

ONE of the most surprising features of the Road and Rail Traffic Act is the absence of any reference to the publication and control of road haulage rates. When the Salter Conference recommended that the question be examined by the Minister of Transport "with a view to the establishment if necessary of a system for the publication, and possibly the control of rates" they recognized both the need and the difficulty of controlling road rates. And the Railway Companies, in commenting upon this omission, rightly point out that such a system "is an essential antecedent condition to co-ordination and proper division of function between rail and road."

There is an aspect of the transport problem as it affects carriage charges, which has scarcely been considered, but which to my way of thinking merits the careful attention of both the Government and those who provide goods transport facilities. It is that aspect presented by the influence that National policy has exercised in the determination of railway rates, and the probable effect on that policy of road competition.

An examination of the scale of railway goods rates reveals that National policy has been one of the principal factors deciding its basis. It has often been said that railway rates are based upon "what the traffic will bear"; but this explanation suggests that the railways are at liberty to arrange their own scales of charges in order to extract from the trading community the maximum net profit. This is not true. Railway charges are a subject of State control in which there is present a strong element of political motive.

Thus it has been Government policy for many years to encourage the development of the heavy industries at the expense of others, and apparently to stimulate the

export trade at the expense of domestic consumers. It is significant that these features of Government policy find expression in the railway rating system. They are manifested in relatively low rates for the less valuable commodities and high rates for the more valuable; in relatively low rates for goods for export; in low rates for coal for ironworks; and in special rate rebates granted under the Local Government Act of 1929 in respect of coal for export, fishing trawlers and blast furnaces, and of other selected traffics favouring iron and steel production and agriculture.

A slight reduction in the rate for, say, export coal might have a greater effect in increasing traffic and improving the net revenue position of the railway, than a similar reduction in the rate for land-sale coal. Apart from this, it would be a matter of indifference to the railways whether a consignment of coal is destined for export, household use or industrial purposes. But the Government found in the railway rating system a convenient and effective instrument with which to achieve its political and economic ends at a minimum of expense and without the risk of exciting criticism. Its policy as reflected in railway rates, amounts to the granting of a subsidy to the producers of the less valuable classes of commodities and commodities for export out of the pockets of other users of railway goods facilities. The railways convey highly valued commodities at rates which are above an economic level in order that they may convey the products of the heavy industries at rates which are below an economic level.

This has been National policy ever since the railways came into existence,* and the system has without a doubt worked smoothly. But the development of road transport now threatens the whole of its basis, for it is precisely

* In 1825, Parliament gave the Stockton and Darlington Railway a classification of toll charges containing three classes, covering all goods traffic. The rate for coal for the home market was 4d. per ton-mile; that for coal for shipment at Stockton ½d. per ton-mile.

and naturally the highly rated traffic—"the cream of the railway companies' business"—which is being diverted to the roads. As this development makes progress and the process of diversion continues, the source of the subsidy which is being afforded to heavy commodities is drying up. The problem is clearly one demanding Government action—for not only is National policy at stake but also the railways upon whose existence many of our staple industries depend and will continue to depend for the transport of their products.

What is the solution? It can scarcely be the Government's intention to undermine the financial position of the railways in order to preserve for a little longer the instrument by which it achieves its ends. Nor is the State subsidization of the railways a desirable avenue of escape so long as there are more direct methods of attacking the problem.

The first direct method to suggest itself is the removal of the factor that has given rise to the problem. As this would mean the confiscation of all goods road motors or, alternatively, the restriction of such vehicles to short distance haulage except in localities not served by the railways, it may be dismissed as economically undesirable. The road motor transport system has become an integral part of our economy. In this direction there is another aspect to be examined. It is the fixation of road rates on the same basis as that which the Government has compelled the railways to adopt. Unfortunately, any control of road rates can only affect hauliers who carry for reward, and the goods vehicles operated by hauliers constitute only about 25 per cent. of the total number on the roads. The remainder are operated by ancillary users, who in any circumstances will continue to convey their merchandise by road, not on the basis of any arbitrary or imaginary scale of *rates*, but on the basis of actual cost.

Moreover, the nature of transport by road being somewhat different from that of transport by rail, a common basis of carriage charges would be burdensome.

Just as the railways are more economical for carrying certain classes of traffic, so undoubtedly are the roads more economical for carrying certain other classes. As large quantities of traffic are passing by road purely by reason of the rate-cutting which is taking place amongst hauliers, there is a case for State control. The publication and control of road hauliers' rates would assist the Government in its policy of subsidizing the heavy industries, relieve the financial burden of the railways, and enable traders to calculate the factor of transport costs with a greater degree of accuracy.

Road transport however is a young industry and may reasonably be expected to make further great progress during the next few years. From the point of view of Government policy, rate control would therefore be only a temporary benefit, merely serving to postpone the need for a final solution, which, it seems, is either the definite abandonment of the present policy of subsidizing the heavy industries, or the Government's adoption of a new instrument by which that policy can be carried into effect.

In any case, the aim of the Government should be to remove the existing basis of railway rates and to devise a system under which each rate would have a definite relation to the cost of carriage. Until this is done the so-called proper division of function between road and rail will never materialize, and the conception of this division will remain obscure.

At the present time there are probably large volumes of traffic which ought, in the public interest, to pass by rail, but which, as a result of the ruling artificial conditions, is passing by road. There may even be some rail-borne traffic which ought to be conveyed by road. The Railway Companies' contention is undoubtedly sound; the publication and control of road rates is a condition to the proper division of function between road and rail. But a condition of far greater moment is the Government's adoption of an economic, as distinct from a political, basis for railway rates.

Mrs. Brown

By Christine Jope-Slade

MAGIC moments, hours, and sometimes days are the heritage of even the meanest and the lowliest. The really cursed in life are those with a black wing in their own hearts; a wing that is liable to unfurl at any moment and cut clean across human happiness and peace, like a cloud across the sun.

These black wings are secret; and my heart carries one that can blot out laughter, happiness, human companionship, the sight and sound of beauty in an instant.

The wing is worked by a single deadly lever, and that lever is the commonplace English surname "Brown."

I am used to talking, but not to writing. When you are talking you can see the expression on your hearer's face. You know whether they are registering. I cannot see. I am using a strange medium. That is why I keep harping on my "black wing" that gets between certain individuals and the full, rich, unconscious enjoyment and appreciation of life.

Sometimes a beloved's death may grow one of these huge sable wings, an incurable malady, a passionate secret disappointment or thwarting of human desires.

A touch, and it is raised and athwart the colour of the day! As I say, I have only to see, read, hear, or even *think* of the name "Brown" and my black wing is up, and I am living mentally in the cold shadow of it, cut off from everything.

Here is the history of the birth of my own black wing; told perhaps badly and baldly, but honestly.

I do not know whether you know the little lost harbours of Sussex. They are extraordinarily attractive. To-day they are filled with trim pleasure craft; they are the paradise of the penurious amateur yachtsman. In the old days they were full of adventure and enterprise and barter. Viking, sea kings, pirates, and merchant

princes who sailed in galleons are buried in their quiet churchyards. Something of the old atmosphere lingers and is apt to catch the land lubber and set him free from himself and his old surroundings, and in this freedom is a certain heady danger.

There were five of us who went down with Rush Langridge for a week-end party on board his yacht, "Pelican."

Rush had about six thousand a year; and to us it seemed the wealth of the Indes; and the "Pelican" a floating palace. We were thrilled and excited, and above ourselves. I had never been on board a private yacht before; and neither had my friend, Peggie Losh, who was a secretary with me in a big tobacco firm, or Bunty Brown, who was a terribly pretty chorus-girl.

There were only two men and we three girls, Rush and Jack Hayes; and we picked another man up at Chichester, a friend of Rush's. They were all nice, hearty, not too imaginative open-air men.

They were attracted to Bunty more than Peggie and myself. She was gay and pretty, and her clothes were right and she was terribly well cared for. Her make-up was quiet and perfect. She was a gay little thing. She would take meals and money from anyone; and made no bones at all about being permanently hard up and in debt. She was the typical pretty London chorus-girl.

Langridge had a Chinese cook on board. That seemed to us the height of exotic luxury. The atmosphere got hold of us almost at once! We got silly with thrill. It was like living a Somerset Maugham play and we were all characters in it, and I suppose we wanted to break away from our own commonplaceness and everydayness.

It's queer how that week-end comes back to me with the vividness of lost ecstasy. I can see the moon rising and chinking the water with millions of silver pennies. I can see a skein of wild duck flying against a flaming

sunset and unravelling themselves until one felt old and tired watching them, as if it was one's own life drifting apart in the brilliant sky. The days were blue and brilliant. Flawless.

I can see now, how emotionalized and sensitized by everything Peggie and I were; and that our stupid, chaotic jealousy of the pretty, feckless Bunty Brown blew out of our own senseless sense of inferiority. We wanted *so* much to be as attractive, as poised, and as genuinely indifferent to our men companions as Bunty was. For her it was a free week-end, free transport, and I know a big stocking bill paid; because I heard Langridge promise to settle it and whistle at the amount when she passed it over with careless alacrity.

"I hate her," I said to Peggie, whispering in our minute cabin.

"Women like her ought to be shot," Peggie whispered back.

She was just a gay, open, careless little gold digger. I cannot think now why we got her and her type so terribly out of proportion.

"No brains," I said.

"No imagination," whispered Peggie.

We wanted to be lovely and gay and "in the picture" —that was our trouble. We were not, and our resentment piled itself on Bunty.

Bunty sang. It was the kind of voice you would expect from her physique, a gay, thin, little silver soprano. There was a small yacht piano in the tiny saloon. The men adored her cheap little performance.

"Showing off!" hissed Peggie.

I agreed with her.

Bunty dived beautifully. In the morning she would do a swallow dive and a jacknife from the deck of the Pelican. I could swim a few strokes and float. Peggie Losh could do nothing in the water. Our humiliation was disproportionate. I can see Bunty now in her black bathing suit and her little black helmet, trig and debonair

and boyish, and yet *so* feminine, with the sunlight and the clear morning air playing round her almost like bright gold and silver flames.

In the evening we played silly games on board the yacht. Charades. Consequences. Halma. Parlour quoits. Happy family. Clumps. It was all very childish and harmless and gay. I think the crew thought we were all very juvenile and slightly batty. We drank practically nothing. We went to bed ludicrously early, worn out with sun and sea.

Our host and Jack Hayes got up early and caught dabs and plaice for breakfast. They weren't very big but they were grand eating. It was all a novelty. The greatest novelty for us was the spite and spleen against Bunty Brown that consumed Peggie Losh and myself. We weren't normally that kind of acid, envious mentality at all.

I think our animosity must have appeared a little on the surface. Peggie Losh and I were snappy and nervy with each other, but without resentment. We knew it was a liaison against the careless beauty, sex appeal and personal magnetism of an indifferent Bunty. "Squaw squabbles," the men called it; and disassociated themselves as contemptuously as men always disassociate themselves from such.

Peggie and I had got Monday off, a long week-end from Friday till Tuesday morning. Bunty was "resting." Langridge was his own master and the other men agreed to prolong their holiday.

Another azure day burnt itself to steel blue darkness. We agreed to "dress up" our last evening. Peggie borrowed white ducks from one of the crew. I wore my happi jacket and pyjama trousers.

Bunty turned up as Puck. She had a theatrical costume with her—on chance. She looked delicious. We looked like the result of a rummage in the old clothes chest beside her; and we knew it.

We played a daft game that night after dinner. It was

a Chinese dinner cooked by the Chinese cook. I remember dozens of little blue dishes; and the smiling slit-eyed yellow face. I suppose the atmosphere served to divorce us even more widely from our normal selves.

Anyway, our game was that we were going down in our yacht, without hope of rescue, and we all had a confession to make that we hoped would be found; so we were to put it in a bottle and throw it overboard.

We were in harbour at the time; because at six the next morning we were to pile into Langridge's Lagonda and streak for town, in order to be in our offices by ten.

Down the estuary there was a friendly forest of spars and rigging and the soft riding and tossing of hundreds of pleasure craft. There was a thick, bright sparkle of stars and moon so white, and slim, and brilliantly delicate that it made you want to cry.

I "wrote" the dictated confessions of misspent life amid shrieks of laughter; and then we came to Bunty.

"Miss Brown," I hazarded.

Bunty laughed, her pretty careless laughter.

"Mrs. Brown," she contradicted primly. "I was married for some years to King Kong, when he was a well-known film star."

I was not listening. I wrote.

"Mrs. Brown is not Mrs. Brown. Ask her who pays her rent and bills?"

I passed the big, bold script to Peggie Losh; who laughed. The others were busy helping Peggie evolve a life history and confession.

"You have forgotten your illegitimate child," one of the men said. "A dear little chap with adenoids."

Peggie chuckled.

"Of course. It was a girl, dearie, a dee-ar little girl!"

I wrote.

"Ask her whose child her pretty daughter is?"

My hand was trembling with rage. All the life, the joy, the fun and animation of the party had centred round Bunty. Peggie and I had been outside it from the first.

It had struck deep at our sex vanity, mine particularly. Looking back I see all my emotions as outside myself. They belong to me no more than my physical symptoms when I had measles as a child. I " caught " them as I caught measles and they possessed me for the time being.

" Read it," Bunty laughed. " Let's hear the damning evidence of an ill-assorted life."

There was an empty bottle near my hand. I seized it and shoved Bunty's imaginary " dossier " in, corked it firmly and threw it overboard.

" Your peers shall be your judges," I said.

We all laughed as if it were a grand joke. For a minute or two we watched the bottle bobbing about, as frail and luminous as the moonlight.

Then we forgot all about it.

We separated in London the next morning. I never saw Langridge or Bunty Brown again. They married different people in different years. One of my fellow guests on the " Pelican " I saw intermittently for a few years.

I was thirty when I married a man with a small income, small prospects and a big nature. I felt a little tired, a little used and abused by the commercial life that is hard on the bloom of women. I was jealous of the bloom for my husband's sake. Perhaps, subconsciously, that was what urged me to spend our honeymoon in the peaceful little lost harbour of Sussex where the " Pelican " had once flaunted her trim white lines at anchor.

There perhaps I had been most flagrantly and brilliantly aware of my own youth and its potentialities. There the beauty of the world, the re-occurring emotional miracles of sunlight and moonlight had forced themselves on me it seemed for the first time.

I wanted to recapture that strange lost rapture, and the strange thwarted consciousness of myself, because now it need no longer be thwarted and battened down.

I had someone on whom I could expand myself and find ease, appreciation and happiness.

We were unbelievably happy. The place seemed new to me; just as if I had never been there before.

The last afternoon of our honeymoon I gossiped with an old salt down by the quay. He remembered Langridge and the "Pelican."

"Always parties," he said. "No harm in him. A liberal gent, a bit soft with wimmin."

I recalled to his mind the year I had been Langridge's guest. He remembered it clearly because there had been almost a plague of great skuas. They had fallen on the marshlands exhausted by the terrific weather they had had to face on their terrible trip from their Iceland breeding grounds.

"Like a field of dead eagles. I never saw such a thing. Them great pirate birds."

"That was the year they found out about Mrs. Brown at Beverley Villa," ruminated the old salt.

"What did they find out?" I asked idly.

"What kind of woman Mrs. Brown was. She lived among us for twelve years, and no one guessed till they picked up that bottle! Parson's sister picked it up. She saw a message in it. Mrs. Brown's daughter was going to marry parson, and that meant 'out' for the parson's sister. We reckoned after she were glad to find that bottle."

"What was in it?" asked my husband.

His arm was round me. He believed me loving and gentle and without malice. To him I *was* loving and gentle and without malice.

"Mrs. Brown's life story. The man who was really Miss Ruby's father was dead. He died a few months previous. He was a married man. Kept Miss Ruby and her mother. It was all in the bottle. Miss Ruby was a love-child. Parson couldn't marry that. She owned up what was in the bottle was true. Parson left the village. He's doing slum work in Liverpool they say; and his sister along of him. He took it hard having to give up Miss Ruby. She were a beautiful

creature. He couldn't do nothing else. His sister had spread the story."

"Poor woman," said my husband softly.

"Someone who took a spite must have put that piece about her in the bottle," said the old boatman softly. "She was a decent woman. I fished her out of here. She looked peaceful and pretty. It was the face of a good woman."

My husband was raging against the inhumanity of man to man; the brutality of the little story. His arm round me grew tighter and tighter, as if he would protect me by physical force from such strange onslaughts of human emotion and activity.

I have never told him my part in the drama.

There are pages of "Browns" in the telephone book. There are hundreds of shops with the name above it.

Every time I see the name the black wing rises in my heart and climbs athwart the happiness and peace of the day. I never know when it will rise or when it will subside; or how long I must mime real life and happiness within the cold blackness of its invisible shadow.

I might have told my husband and disburdened myself, dragged the thing into the open, dissected it with his help and apportioned myself the blame.

As it is I shoulder all of it.

My husband is sensitive and understanding.

That night he turned suddenly and caught me in his arms.

"That was a horrible, sordid, cruel little story we heard to-day," he said. "Try and forget it. It has haunted me. I want it out of your mind. I don't want it connected in your imagination with your new name, even for an instant! Why need the poor creature have been called 'Mrs. Brown'? There are millions of other names. Why 'Brown'? I resent it."

I was glad then I hadn't told him.

Germany in May

By Sir Arnold Wilson, K.C.I.E., D.S.O., M.P.

FOURTEEN days spent in five of the principal towns of Germany—Düsseldorf, Hamburg, Berlin, Munich, and Cologne; personal contacts with six of the dozen or so men who rule Germany to-day, and with students and workmen; visits to hospitals, a gaol, workmen's dwellings, several Public Service Works Camps, and to a concentration camp; many hours spent at each centre in conversation with the rank and file of the National Socialists—some of them formerly Communists—and their local leaders; all this affords insufficient data on which to form a judgment, but leaves, nevertheless, upon the retina of the mind's eye a vivid impression of certain aspects of the new Germany. This article deals solely with things seen with German eyes, and heard from German lips; it is in effect the testimony of the apostles and of their followers, as recorded by an eyewitness and a neighbour, set down not critically, but in good faith.

Half the coal, iron and steel trade of Germany centres round Düsseldorf: the blast-furnaces of the United Steel Works were working at 75 per cent. of capacity. There are few larger plants in the world. Round the town and at Duisburg bridges were replacing level crossings, roads were being widened and marshlands drained, partly by contractors on a commercial basis, partly by men from the Arbeitsdienstlager—Public Service Works Camps—of which more hereafter. The industrial leaders whom I met at their Club did not underestimate the difficulties they were facing, and the certainty that they would be greater before long. To them, the supreme problem was to find foreign markets, without which they could not obtain funds for the purchase of essential raw material. But they were not afraid; Germany was united, the Government was strong and would find a way.

The Works Camps, which I visited in company with the regional director, are one of the most important items of National Socialist policy. For the workless working man from 18 to 25 they are voluntary, for university students and professors, and for candidates for office of any kind, attendance for ten weeks is compulsory. To serve the State, to mix on a basis of real equality at work, at play, and at meals with those who live by their hands, is held to be an essential part of the training of the nations' servants and of its future leaders. The experiment has been from this point of view very successful. 250,000 men are distributed among 2,000 such camps. The food provided is good, the beds are comfortable; there is also companionship, recreation, and absence of anxiety, plus 2s. 6d. a week pocket money. At one camp I saw the men stripped; their physical condition was splendid, their faces very cheerful. Some camps specialize in reclaiming land now drowned, or under scrub, or heath; others on new motor roads, or on flood banks. Some are laying out small-holdings and building workmen's houses; others are engaged on forestry. Some of these enterprises will begin to pay within six months, others scarcely within six years.

All the "camps" I saw were permanent buildings, lit by electricity, centrally heated, with modern kitchens, shower baths and reading-rooms, but there are also camps of portable huts which can be shifted from place to place. The capital cost of the permanent centres, as constructed by the men themselves, under the expert guidance of their officers, who are all professionally qualified, was given as £10 a head. The recurring cost per head over a period of 12 months is little more than the amount that the men would be entitled to draw "on the dole." The movement has popular approval, mainly because it is compulsory for the well-to-do.

Hitler's greatest asset is his understanding of national psychology. He has been rewarded by the confidence of the people, the assent, hitherto cordially given, of

industrialists, and by a relatively greater increase of employment than in any country in Europe, except Great Britain.

At Hamburg—which has suffered as severely as British ports from the policy of economic independence—National Socialist feeling seemed more ebullient; the officials from the Burgomaster downwards were sparing no effort to keep things going. The merchants with whom I spoke were as anxious as in Düsseldorf, but as confident that the Government had strength and therefore power. The workmen's dwellings in the suburbs are wonderfully planned, not a brick wasted, but pleasant to live in as well as to look on, with central heating, communal baths at 2d. a head, and skilfully laid out playgrounds, with gardens often adorned with statues and ornaments presented by private persons. The Barmbeck Hospital was built 20 years ago, but it is in advance of many more modern buildings elsewhere. It consists of a series of blocks, bright and airy, surrounded by flowers. The Director had much of interest to say, with statistics on the wall to confirm his statements. Family allowances, loans to married couples of the right sort, and the ἐπεα πτεροὲντα of Herr Hitler had produced the desired result. The spate of babies had begun, and would grow in volume; he was arranging for an extra maternity ward. The Burgomaster had the same story to tell. In one little room I saw the week's output of the new Germany, sixty infants, labelled on chest and arm, coverlet and cot, in serried rows. The illegitimacy rate had dropped by 50 per cent.; new cases of venereal disease, particularly among young men, had decreased almost as much. There was much poverty, but little malnutrition and no degradation. He knew Tyneside and Liverpool. In Germany such conditions had never existed. Phthisis was perhaps increasing, surgical tuberculosis dropping rapidly, he could not say why diseases have their ups and downs. He did not hold with pasteurization of milk, in fact he condemned the practice

on medical grounds, and claimed the support of the faculty in this attitude.

Women did their share of voluntary work in Hamburg; he had forty of them always helping in the hospital in many ways, from the most menial to the most skilled. The daughter of a noble family was happy to wash the floor, the daughter of a grocer, because she had skill, was helping in a ward; a student at the university had done much to cheer convalescents by reading, conversation and song.

The patients were required every week to choose their own food, from a typed list, which gave to each dish an index number corresponding to its cost; no one could order more than 2,000 points. The task was good for the patients and kept them busy for hours. The atmosphere was friendly, the demeanour of patients and staff alike was cheerful—clearly a happy family.

The horse-races on Ascension Day were interspersed with police sports, a magnificent exhibition of bare brown skin and rippling muscles, not of horses, but of boys and young men, Hitler Jugend and Polizei. Physical drill, running, gymnastics, marching, especially a grand march past in the pre-war uniform of a Prussian regiment —an Aldershot Tattoo in broad daylight—while a crowd of 20,000 applauded. I saw in all this less a spirit of rivalry with other nations than of comradeship within the nation, less of preparation for external war than of conscious desire for internal unity. There are many cross-currents in a national movement. The gulf-stream of militarism is not strong enough at present to affect the temperature; its strength in the immediate future will depend on the fate of the Saar. I left Hamburg for Berlin by air on a sunny morning. The airport buildings at both ends were strikingly simple, but of real beauty, with nothing of the *faux-Marxiste* in their composition. Eight or ten aeroplanes left daily for different destinations, all full of passengers, of all ages, who arrived only a minute or two before the appointed time. The out-

standing feature of a German city is the tidy state of every allotment and backyard: no rubbish heaps, no rough grass. Every path trimmed, every hut painted; every rod of ground expected to produce food or some sort of amenity.

In Berlin I was fortunate to be brought into close contact, through different channels, with the most eminent and powerful men of the State, if only for a few hours and, at my leisure, on a Sunday afternoon, with the rank and file, as typified by forty men of a S.A. Troop (Sturm Abteilung) and a troop of Hitler Jugend. The last named, aged from twelve to fifteen, were being run by a young medical student who believed that leaders were made as well as born. They were all from Berlin tenements; they were astonishingly tough. They boxed with bare fists, regardless of bruises and grazed skin, though avoiding face blows. They wrestled, throwing each other on the hard grass, and took a running dive, followed by a somersault over the backs of six of their comrades. One boy took the skin off his shoulder in falling; he winced, laughed, and did the trick again to show that he didn't care, as an airman will fly just after he has crashed. There was life here, and vigour such as I would fain see elsewhere.

I went on to spend the afternoon as the guest of a S.A. Troop, which included a friend of mine. Not far away was a Gliding Club—thirty men in shorts, all of them mechanics from the local factories. They had made the gliders themselves in their spare time. They compared the performance of each type, and raced down hill pulling at the elastic cables till, at a word from the captain, the plane took the air and the cables fell off.

The Sturm Abteilung had met in a forest clearing not far from Düberitz. The commandant was a retired army officer, a Prussian aristocrat, fine featured, well-read and a poet. After an hour's physical drill in shorts they put on their uniform and did an hour's simple drill,

under the commandant's eye, with an energy and efficiency which did him credit.

They were a scratch lot to look at, of various sizes, of ages from 20 to 45. One was a butcher, another a baker, several were mechanics and carpenters, others clerks. I was introduced to a shop assistant and an accountant, and to two undergraduates just back from a Public Works Service Camp. But they worked with a will. The parade ended with a ceremony I have not seen elsewhere—a recital of patriotic poetry declaimed, alternately by one man and by the whole troop, a different man taking the solo in turn. After parade we adjourned to a wayside tavern where, at a long table, the officers, sergeants and men sat to coffee and rolls, and I saw them all in a new guise. They plied me with questions and courteously, but freely, criticized my answers. They asked my opinions, accepting my *nolo judicare* with an understanding laugh. The conversation covered a wide range of subjects, from the racial question in England to a split over India at the next election, from developments in the U.S.A. to the folly of allowing gasometers in populous areas like Hong Kong (or any English town, whereas in Berlin, etc.). But they were also free with opinions about Germany. Their admiration for Hitler was unbounded, and they knew every member of his Cabinet, and something of their origins and records.

The movement of Germany to-day is National, but it is also Socialist. Because it is both, it is able to rely upon a far wider public than could a government which was National and Conservative, or Socialist and International. Hitler is at heart, like the best Socialists in all countries, profoundly Conservative in that he desires to conserve what is best. He trusts the people. He wishes to ensure to them a freer, wider life than they can now enjoy. Nine out of ten Germans draw less than 150 marks a month—and it is to them that his thoughts turn—to him that they owe allegiance.

That evening I visited a Protestant Church in Berlin; it was well-filled, with a large proportion of young men and women. I had seen the great Catholic Cathedral full the same morning. I gathered from my friends in the S.A., one of whom had been a Protestant Missioner, that the excursions into German politics of the Bishop of Chichester and others were most unwelcome and calculated to do harm. "But for Hitler," said one, "there would, as in Russia, be no Church of Christ in Germany to-day. The State exercises control over the Church in England, your Bishops use their position to hamper our reasonable attempts to find a solution on similar lines; a plague on your turbulent priests! Are their own dioceses all they should be? Have their incursions into English politics been fruitful?" I heard much to the same effect, in more guarded language, a few days later, from a very responsible quarter.

I went three times to the Exhibition of German Life and German Work. I have seen most of the great exhibitions of the last 20 years, but none like this, inspired as it is by earnestness and single mindedness, bristling with new ideas, new life, new methods. It was above all educational. The presentation was sometimes overwhelming, but never clumsy or crude. The great problems of the new Germany are set out for all men to see. Prehistory is not forgotten, nor geology. The Crown Jewels were on view, with great screens showing scenes in the life and relics of Frederick the Great, and Frederick William I. There was a fine series of exhibits dealing with Luther, an oil painting of the nation at prayer in 1813 with contemporary documents. Of motor cars and aeroplanes, ships and machines there was no lack, but the primary purpose was to bring home to every visitor the nature of the race problem, the solemn responsibility of each individual in this connection to the nation and to his offspring. There were new diagrams to illustrate Mendelian laws, the inheritance of defects by children to the third and fourth generation; loathsome

photos of idiot and deformed children and lunatics, with healthy keepers and nurses. The inscriptions below ran thus :—

" These are a charge on the nation. They are looked after by those. Is it right that they should have been born ?"

Next to them was a vivid set of pictures dealing with the Sterilization Law. The predominance of the Jew in theatreland and other fields, his absence from factory and field, was emphasized elsewhere and, alongside of it, pictures of fashionable mansions where childless wives employed six servants whilst, on the other were snapshots of large working-class families of healthy children with a caption drawing a moral. The steady increase of old men and women in proportion to those of working age was illustrated by diagrams. Young undergraduates were lecturing in front of every one of these exhibits to crowds of attentive and fascinated boys and girls from 14 to 18 and upwards.

Some of these lecturers had eloquence, they pleaded with, rather than lectured their hearers, and pointed the moral by showing lantern slides illustrating the difference between good and well-bred men and women. Hitler's parentage—of exclusively peasant origin on both sides—and that of his chief Ministers was shown on another diagram.

This, I am assured, is only the beginning. Hitler has the profound conviction, set forth, not for the first time, by Houston Chamberlain, that it is as necessary and possible to breed good people as good cattle, and that to ensure its own survival the first duty of the State is to instil into the nation a proper appreciation of their racial heritage. He believes, like Horace, that " fortes creantur fortibus et bonis." The German nation is beginning, I am told, to practise what he preaches. Years must pass before the results of this policy become statistically apparent, but the moral leaven is working to-day.

I had the privilege, whilst in Berlin, of lengthy interviews with the Chancellor and some of his principal

lieutenants. Those that I met were, if I may express a personal opinion, each individually men of a type who would command attention and be assured of respect in any society. They are middle-aged men, who have risked all and suffered much for their political faith. They are active, they are ardent, but they gave me, one and all, the impression of an almost judicial imperturbability. They were in no hurry; their staffs were not fussy. They know what they want, and they know that 95 per cent. of the population is behind them. Of the remainder a fair proportion are intellectuals, with no roots in the soil, without contact with the people, their noses in books, their eyes on the past, their thoughts for themselves. That is the view of the leaders of the Party. It is not a new view, but it is a view which is held by the National Socialist at large, and is likely to prevail. Differences within the Party are on methods, not on principles.

Herr Hitler himself impressed me profoundly. After a conversation lasting for three-quarters of an hour I left with the feeling that I had been talking to a man who was National by temperament, Socialist in method, but, like our best Conservatives, desirous of change in particular directions. He has many sides to his character, including a keen appreciation of art and architecture. Loyal to those who stood by him in dark days, but profoundly attached to peace; capable of rising to great heights, but to-day reserving his great strength and authority for the tasks of the near future. We all remember the day when Signor Mussolini was described in an English paper as "The Mad Dog of Europe," and the cartoons depicting him and Hitler in a manner which has done us lasting harm abroad. We remember, too, that Hindenburg's election was regarded in some quarters as a proof of the incurable turpitude and unabashed militarism of an unrepentant people. To-day Mussolini is an elder statesman and Hindenburg a bulwark of peace. Hitler, too, will soon become a venerable figure,

yet another volcanic peak among a wilderness of scrubby hills. The dust of the explosion which heralded the advent of the new mountain has killed many rank weeds, and a few tender plants, but is good for sturdier growths.

The energy of the new Germany is tremendous: a new force has arisen; it is uncertain as yet what direction it will take. It is quite certain that it cannot for long be repressed, and that it is in its origin, as in its gross excesses, a display of biological forces, for race prejudices, whether in India or Europe, usually have a biological origin.

It behoves all those who care for peace, and who desire to ensure it, to visit Germany, and not only for a fortnight, and to observe, as I have observed, that restrictions on the liberty of the few are not incompatible and may for a time be essential to a growth of liberty and diversity for the many and that, in times of revolution, judgments cannot wisely be formed upon isolated events, however prominently recorded in the press. Hitler has almost done with the romance of the revolution; he has already commenced its history. He has eyes to-day for nothing that is not practicable, though he is not yet ready to substitute colder lights for the fiery torch nor, in deference to foreign opinion, to replace leaders of extreme opinion by moderate men. He will not abandon the faint hope of limitation of armaments, but no further proposal can be expected from Berlin. Stability of armaments may not be so far off as now appears. England, and England alone among the powers can exercise, if she shows sympathy, a moderating and perhaps a decisive influence. Meanwhile, to every German I have met his nation appears, as England appeared to Emerson in 1856: "Not dispirited, not distressed, but remembering that she has seen dark days before, and indeed with a kind of instinct that she can see a little clearer on a cloudy day . . . with a secret vigour and a pulse like cannon . . . not feeble, not weak, but daring to believe in her power of endurance and expansion, and with a strength equal of the times."

Soviet Propaganda in Foreign Ports

[Mr. Belina-Podgaetski is a Russian Journalist who escaped last year from the U.S.S.R. and is now in Belgium.]

By N. Belina-Podgaetski.

Translated by Malcoln Burr.

IN December last I sailed on the Soviet tanker *Mossoviet* from Odessa, bound for Vladivostok. I had qualified as a sailor with the object of escaping from Soviet Russia.

I was aware that in addition to the commercial purpose of the boat, the masked spread of Bolshevik propaganda is an important secondary function of ocean-going Soviet vessels, but it must of necessity be very subtle.

When we put in at Port Said, there came on board the usual native police, harbour hands and sailors, either to help navigate us through the canal, or invited as guests for the sake of propaganda. They were given a hearty welcome. They were shown what large cabins we have on Soviet boats, the roomy saloons for our meals, where they were entertained handsomely, and given food and drink, all of first-rate quality and in abundance. In fact, they saw far better food than they had ever dreamt of in their own homes, served on well-appointed tables, clean cloths, with brightly-polished plates, knives, and even silver forks. The walls were hung with pictures illustrating Bolshevik successes, impressive views of monster constructions, and sometimes Communist demonstrations, though they are careful not to arouse the suspicions of the local authorities. All this entertainment is well calculated to produce a profound effect upon the mind of a fellah, Malay or Chinese coolie. It is supplemented by careful conversation by trained propagandists, for there is, of course, always a Communist cell on every boat, to explain how splendidly men live in

U.S.S.R. The visitors are assured that what they see is but a sample of the everyday life of a Soviet citizen. When the victim asks what pay a sailor gets, they reply without hesitation: "£10-12 sterling a month."

This is devilishly clever, for it can be argued that it is not a lie. It is true that the food of sailors on ocean-going vessels is both abundant and excellent, but it is also true that this is given only when clear of Soviet waters and in particular when in foreign ports. Once back in Soviet waters, no more chicken, unlimited white bread, butter, sugar, sardines, and other delicacies. Then they go back to the 1¼ to 1½ lbs. a day of black bread, with watery soup, and 1¼ to 1¾ lbs. of sugar a month. And as to the rate of pay, the Soviet Government has the audacity to maintain the rouble at a theoretical rate of 7–8 to the £ sterling, and as the wage of a sailor is 100 roubles a month, this counts on paper as £10–12. But in cold fact, all the sailor gets is £1, or at the most £2, a month, and that, of course, only when in foreign waters, the balance being credited to him for payment on return in depressed Soviet roubles and partly in goods.

When a Soviet boat puts in a Far Eastern port and the men are allowed ashore, a rickshaw man is sure to offer his services. With a little broken pidgin-English, eked out with signs, it is not difficult to reply with horror at the idea of using a man as a beast of burden. Then a friendly pat on the shoulder, even a small tip, and the rickshaw man goes away thinking the Bolshevists are fine fellows really. I lived for six months in Singapore and know that the rickshaw men there understand without any illusion the real meaning of this subtle propaganda.

I have been asked whether these Soviet boats are not used for a more active and dangerous form of propaganda, the distribution of seditious literature, the landing of specially trained agents, the smuggling back into Russia of native Socialist and Communist leaders, distribution of funds and of secret instructions from the Komintern.

I hardly think so. Possibly from time to time a specialist may take advantage of the opportunity, but in general the Soviet Government is careful not to compromise the free movements of its fleet by raising the suspicions of foreign governments, who might exclude them from their ports. The Komintern has other methods of communication, the diplomatic bag being the chief, and smuggling across the land frontiers of Roumania, Poland, Persia and China.

In this connection a very significant reply was given recently by the President of the Central Committee of the International Red Succour, a purely Communist political organization, on the occasion of their congress in Moscow last summer. When a member asked what progress Communist propaganda was making in British India, Stasova replied that communication with Hindu Communists was very difficult in the interior of the country owing to the activity of the police and vigilance of the British Government, but that their committee and the Komintern were doing all in their power to maintain better communications and stimulate propaganda. Of course, officially, Stasova meant only assistance to Hindu political prisoners, but it is perfectly well known that the Red Succour Committee has for its principal object not the mere assistance of their imprisoned co-believers, but the organization of communications between the Komintern and its agents abroad, and to spread by all possible means Communist propaganda throughout Europe and Asia. Soviet boats frequently put in at Colombo, Shanghai, and Singapore, which can be used as a base for Bangkok and Saigon. There can be little doubt that the Komintern makes as much use as it dare of these occasions to distribute instructions and cash.

On the other hand, it must not be thought that all seamen in Soviet ships are Communists. Quite the reverse. As too ashore, the great majority are definitely hostile to Bolshevism. They are, however, intimidated,

with full knowledge that they are closely watched by the ubiquitous agents of the G.P.U. There are always Komsomols on board and former Chekists. The crew are watched with special care when in contact with foreign sailors. They know only too well the price of indiscretion. They are well trained and quite docile. Those who have not lived in the stifling atmosphere of perpetual espionage can have no conception of its demoralizing effect. They say what they are told and nothing else.

The Soviets are, of course, adepts in the art of window-dressing and they find good scope for this talent in the clubs frequented by foreign sailors in Odessa, Leningrad, and other ports.

The first thing to strike the eye of the foreign sailor will be three or four good-looking girls, well-dressed and well nourished, who produce the illusion that they are good samples of Russian womanhood. These girls are all Communists and can speak several languages; they are all trained in propaganda and are in the employment of the Komintern for the special purpose of propaganda among foreign sailors. They are dressed by the Komintern and are well paid. The foreigner is charmed, and listens with astonishment to the glowing picture of life in the U.S.S.R., and of the resounding victories of the Soviet Government in practical Socialism. He will have to seek far and wide, indeed, in Soviet Russia to find well-fed and well-dressed girls outside these sailors' clubs.

But if he goes for a stroll down the boulevards and main thoroughfares of the port he is visiting, among the docks or in the residential quarter, he will see men and women only in rags and worn-out clothing, with haggard cheeks and misery in their eyes. He will meet working women out of jobs, wives of sailors, who will gladly sell themselves to the foreigner for a moment for the sake of a piece of white bread, a small packet of sugar, or a bit of meat, and these are women who could never be seduced by money, fine clothes or jewels.

The foreign sailor will entertain his girl at the bar in the club. Here he will find food and delicacies in plenty, eggs, ham, sardines, cheese, wine, and all quite cheap, for the whole thing is a lie, carefully organized to deceive the simple foreigner. No native can buy any of these good things, for he never has any foreign currency, which is all that is accepted in these bars, except sailors returned from long cruises who have a pound or two in their pockets. It is one of the objects of these bars to direct these pounds sterling back into the coffers of the State. These sailors are admitted only so long as their foreign money lasts. The Government has every reason to prevent contact between foreigners and their own subjects who are not specially selected. The only others who can use these clubs are the privileged classes, officials, propagandists, and so on, who may pay in Soviet roubles at a privileged rate. For instance, I have seen one pay for a small piece of white bread ten paper kopecks, when the ordinary price was 5–6 roubles.

In Odessa I knew one of these propagandist girls who sold every day through her mother little white rolls at five or six roubles apiece, which she bought for as many kopecks in the bars as a privileged person, a nice little profit of about 1,000 per cent. She did well for herself, as she was drawing a good salary, too, and dressed at the expense of the Komintern.

Thus we see that these clubs serve a double purpose. They produce on the mind of foreign sailors the impression that Russia teems with good things, and at the same time it serves as a means of collecting foreign currency, so urgently needed, not so much for commercial payments as for propaganda abroad. By accepting payment in depreciated Soviet roubles, here specially credited with a false rate of 7–8 to the £, in the presence of foreigners, they produce the impression that everybody is well off in Russia and the Soviet rouble stable, almost at its pre-war value.

If the foreign sailor were to visit the Soviet co-

operative stores, he would seek in vain ham, eggs, sardines, or any of the good things he can buy so cheaply in the clubs. And if he goes to the private market, he will find that the true purchasing power of the Soviet rouble is almost nil.

In the clubs the foreigner is subject to the battery of incessant, concentrated and highly-trained propaganda. The walls are plastered with posters and pictures with inscriptions in every European language, describing the glories of Bolshevism and the victories of the Soviets, with appeal to him to bring about the same state of happiness in his own country.

When I slipped ashore at Singapore and found refuge and happiness in the Sailors' Institute there, I thought I was in paradise.

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Amateur Tennis Problems of To-Day

By Sir F. Gordon Lowe, Bt.

RECENTLY Dwight Davis, the donor of the famous Cup, speaking at a tennis dinner in New York, gave the sporting world something to think about when he deplored the note of intense seriousness which has crept into the modern game. Others also, including Borotra and Austin, have commented in similar manner on the present state of tennis. Certainly many of us do long for the more tranquil days of the old Wimbledon with its intimate touch and the time when Davis Cup matches were not taken so very seriously.

A great evolution has, however, taken place since then, and from a small beginning lawn tennis, as portrayed by the huge arena at the new Wimbledon, with its teeming crowds, has developed out of all bounds and caught the popular imagination of every country. How, in these days of commercialism of all sports, can players avoid taking the game and themselves in deadly earnest when the glare of publicity follows their every movement, both on and off the courts and post-mortems their every match.

No wonder many amongst the crowd who throng Wimbledon and other big tennis centres have got the idea that the stars make their living out of it. "When are the professionals going to play?" is quite a common remark to be heard in the stands when the championships are on. At any rate, spectators sometimes completely forget that they are watching amateurs supposed to be playing for their own amusement. A good instance of this was the regrettable incident last autumn at Forest Hills, when the crowd adopted a hostile attitude to Mrs. Moody because through illness she had to retire before the end of her match against Miss Jacobs. As an amateur Mrs. Moody had every right to do what she

liked. Too frequently tennis crowds will openly show their annoyance at being kept waiting for a match or at a linesman's decision. All this sort of thing adds to the general seriousness and tends to give the game a professional air.

There was, as a matter of fact, almost as much tennis played in the old days, and players like Brookes, Wilding, Beals Wright, Ritchie, Parke, Dixon and Decugis seemed to give just as much time to it, even if there were fewer competitions. I myself can remember taking part in practically three years of non-stop play which included extensive British tours in South Africa, Australia and New Zealand. There was, however, a different atmosphere about the whole thing and anyone, whatever he might think privately, who dared to even mention the word professionalism was in danger of immediate suspension.

In any case, too, a man who gave up his life to sport before the war was not looked upon at all with favour. How different things are to-day when players of all ranks openly discuss the professional question and whether they should cross the thin line.

Certainly the whole amateur and professional problem at tennis is becoming very acute and extremely difficult to solve, as the authorities are well aware. Things cannot go on much longer as they are. Players will soon have to divide themselves into two camps, those who want to play the game for fun as Dwight Davis said he did in the days of the Dohertys, and those who wish to make a serious business of it.

With all the old professions so overcrowded with no good openings anywhere, why in this changing world should not new ones be created to meet the present situation? Sport is one of the few things that is booming to-day, and if young people have a bent for games they should be able to capitalize their skill. Obviously international tennis will continue to draw the public in their thousands, and this public would undoubtedly prefer

to feel that some of the money they pay at the gate went into the pockets of those who amuse, thrill and entertain them on court.

Let us just see what two well-known sportsmen have to say about this vexed question. Lt.-Col. Moore-Brabazon, M.P., believes that if a boy has a definite flair for lawn tennis he should by all means be allowed to take it up professionally. It is sheer folly, says this airman, that a great expert whose life is tennis cannot make money out of it. Class distinction must go. The Kent cricketer, A. M. Crawley, considers that drastic reorganization is necessary in all games and that the good amateur is now a humbug. This, of course, in most cases is true, but is not his fault. Professionalism, Crawley says, is the logical development of the future and should be faced.

What is the position of the amateur player to-day? In a nutshell it is this. He has to all intents and purposes to make a business of tennis, and a hard one at that, but, apart from getting his expenses when representing his country or club, can make nothing out of it or at least nothing worth having. If there is good money in amateur tennis, why did Mlle. Lenglen, Tilden, Vines, Cochet, and the rest, leave it?

Some people will argue the amateur does not have to play. That is true, but once he becomes a member of the lawn tennis merry-go-round, it is very hard for him to abandon it. The calls on the modern player's time, year in and year out, are enormous. Then, too, in order to keep up his position a player cannot afford to leave the arena for long. He must keep at it or others will soon take his place. If his country needs him in a Davis Cup match, at Wimbledon or in any other corner of the globe, it is up to the player concerned to go. The same applies to women. As a matter of fact, he is doing a good spot of work for his country in a wider sense than tennis by keeping the sports flag flying in other lands.

All this is very nice while it lasts and certainly gives

the international player a chance of seeing the world free of cost under the most pleasant conditions. But it is not all plain sailing and no one who has not taken part can realize the terrific strain, both mentally and physically, of always having to win and keep up a reputation. The champion's reign, too, is a very short one; the early thirties usually sees a decline in his powers, with little to look forward to at the end.

The amateur associations are entirely responsible for this unsatisfactory situation. As the outspoken French critic, M. Daninos, says, their love of profit is the principal cause of the deep undercurrent of professionalism to-day. They have devoted their best efforts to making money out of the skill of the players. The whole amateur structure is built up on a reciprocal basis. "You send your players to our championships or we won't send ours to yours," is the slogan. Gradually an all-the-year-round programme has been built up and players dance to their association's tune in different parts of the world, although admittedly it is a very pleasant one while it lasts. At present the amateur bodies are in complete command, but what will happen if a landslide toward professionalism ever takes place, as is threatened at the end of this season? In that event, I suppose it would only be a question of time before Wimbledon and the other big championships had to go professional in self-defence.

First-class tennis does, of course, bring indirect return and, apart from seeing the world, players get wonderful free publicity for which an ordinary business man would have to pay heavily. Not only players, but administrators as well benefit by all this publicity. It is not always entirely for the good of the game that every L.T.A. councillor retains his seat and does endless honorary work on committees, etc. Solicitors, stockbrokers, and other professional and business men have found their tennis connection extremely helpful. Borotra is a clever business man, but without his tennis he could never have reached his present position quite so quickly.

In the old days, A. W. Gore found his tennis and his agency for a well-known brand of champagne combined well. The brand always flowed freely at tennis functions after the serious work on the courts was over, and still does in tender remembrance.

Quite a few players are openly connected with the sports trade. Pat Hughes, for instance, representing a well-known firm, is always able to combine business with pleasure wherever he goes. I hear that Hare, the young man who has been doing such great things lately, has just taken on a similar job which will give him plenty of time for tennis. This is ideal, though these jobs do not always last when tennis days are over.

Journalism is a source of income to quite a few players, but they are handicapped by not being allowed to write about tournaments in which they are taking part. Then again, it's mighty hard to do yourself justice on the courts and on paper at the same time. If a ghost is employed articles do not ring true and the end to this means of income may be in sight. Tilden's tennis flourished when he was criticizing his contemporaries, but it has the opposite effect on most players.

There are, of course, many abuses of the amateur codes, such as underhand work by committees, which Vines mentions, to tempt players to certain tournaments, and the negotiation of prize vouchers is by no means unknown, but these practices are more often to be found abroad than in this country. Possibly many players may have private arrangements with sports firms, but this does not seem much of a sin when others are allowed to do it openly.

The average player who has tried to combine an ordinary job with his tennis has usually had to give one or other up. It is all very well in theory, but not in practice. Collins and Gregory were just on the point in 1929 of becoming a great pair when business claimed the former and the medical profession the latter. Their tennis fell away, and although they continue to make a

fine show at Wimbledon they will never quite get there now.

At present professional tennis needs developing, and there is no reason why it should not advance side by side with the amateur game, as in golf. R. N. Williams, this year's U.S.A. Davis Cup captain, is all in favour of this move and points to the healthy state of affairs prevailing in this sister game. Major Larcombe, A. C. Griffiths, and other councillors contend that the professional's bread and butter should be teaching; but to be a good teacher a professional must get plenty of competitive play to keep his game up to the mark, and frankly he does not get this at the moment.

The time will come when every big tennis club will have its own professional who will be encouraged to go off and win honours at big tournaments, just as golf professionals do to-day. Properly organized and rid of the many who pose as teachers and do not know the A.B.C. of the game, professional tennis should go ahead and provide a fair living for many. The real plums, of course, as in every profession, will only go to the chosen few. I very much doubt if there are more than thirty players in the world to-day who are a real box-office draw, either amateur or professional, and who could therefore command big money.

There can be no permanent foundations in exhibition tennis, although Tilden, Vines, Cochet, and the rest of the troup of barnstormers, as they are sometimes called, have made a success of it in America. Exhibition tennis has never been popular over here, even when Mlle. Lenglen, under the guidance of Mr. Cochran, was appearing. The public feel there is nothing hanging on these results and that there is a danger of "hippodroming," or, in other words, of matches being arranged.

With professionalism in its present unorganized state, amateurs naturally think long and hard before taking the plunge, especially when it means giving up all their tournaments, Wimbledon, and having to resign their

clubs. Competition is the salt of life to every true player.

My own view is that the advent of open tournaments at which amateurs and professionals could compete would be a wonderful stepping-stone to a new order of things, and I believe they will eventually come. Many amateurs, including Lacoste, Austin, Williams are for them, and public opinion will demand it. At present America is the only country officially in favour of the "Open," and the International Federation has definitely set its face against them. Incidentally, the Federation has just appointed a committee to consider the whole question of amateurism.

If they did nothing else, open tournaments would give the professionals a much needed fillip and bring the two ranks of players nearer together. It seems absurd that an amateur may represent his country in the Davis Cup and elsewhere, while the professional is denied this priviledge. It appears only logical that the arduous programme which is at present undertaken by the amateurs should eventually be transferred to the professionals. Personally, I think that the present distinction between amateurs and professionals will eventually disappear and that the two classes will be merged into one. This should not necessarily entail new organizations. The same amateur machinery, with its efficient staffs, would do admirably. All that is wanted is a change of thought and purse.

In conclusion, let me emphasize that the time has arrived when those who are solely responsible for drawing big gates and for filling the coffers of their respective associations should be entitled to at least a percentage of the profits. Tennis players these days are public entertainers just as much as actors, actresses, musicians, and the like, and should be treated as such. Open tournaments properly organized would be the best means to this end and are a definite need in the game's advancement from which only good can come.

Austria, Hungary and the Habsburgs

By Charles Cunningham

I.—AUSTRIA.

BECAUSE there are few things so indefinite as international politics, I feel justified in prefacing these two articles with the remark that, though for the past four years I have utilized my somewhat unusual opportunities for investigating the conditions of post-war Austria and Hungary and have had frequent contact with politicians both professional and otherwise in those countries, here it is far from being my purpose to lay down hard and fast rulings on a subject which for the past fifteen years has agitated some of the best brains in Europe. To do so would be merely impertinent. I would hope therefore that these two papers may be regarded as no more than "pointers," aids in following the reasonably presumable trend of feeling in regard to the extremely present problem of the future of Austria and Hungary; aids based on perhaps not generally accessible informations.

In individual nations, the causes, effects and changes, of varying sets of political circumstances are sufficiently baffling; but when it is a question of attempting to merge the policies of different countries the one with the other, to extract from the constantly moulten mass something which is tangible and constructive, then are the statesmen of the lands concerned deserving of our sympathy. From time to time various combinations of policy, brought about by varying changes of circumstance in different countries produce results which to the outside observer may appear at first sight to be fantastic. Thus when recently Germany signed her agreement with Poland, I for one shook my head and felt: "Well, after that, I give up!" While to take a less international, though to the foreigner not less startling

instance, there was the formation in 1931 of our own National Government.

I was travelling abroad at the time of the events which called the National Government into being. I was still abroad when that Government was actually formed. I had, therefore, excellent opportunities for studying the reaction in such different centres as Berne and Budapest of various sections of society to the amalgamation of parties which had just taken place in England. Nearly everyone whose opinion I consulted at that time was, to under-emphasize, surprised, as was I somewhat myself; but after reflexion my friends and I agreed that, yes, it was only what might have been expected . . .

"In the circumstances, of course, it was the only thing to be done."

True, as subsequent events seem to have demonstrated, it was; and the same would appear to apply to the now maturing question of probable Austro-Hungarian reunion in some form or other, the only difference being that in foreshadowing such a reunion I am, with a certain amount of solid justification, I feel, anticipating a far more probable event than were either the German-Polish alliance or the English National Government a year, shall I say, before their actual birth.

Nor is it difficult to account for one's sense of conviction that reunion is imminent. Circumstances, those familiar, often intangible, yet in this particular case positive, creatures are almost all favourable; favourable and more than that, definitely compelling, if we take as the broad basis of present day European effort the preservation and consolidation of Peace. For it has come to be a more or less generally accepted fact that Peace can be preserved only by the preservation of Austrian and Hungarian independence. Yet although neither of them is in a condition to be able to continue to stand alone, it is not considered desirable that any one Power outside of Austria and Hungary should be predominantly helpful to or interested in these two

diminished halves of what once was a very reasonably well functioning whole.

What, then, remains for these two countries? Nothing so far as the outside observer, so far as Austria and Hungary themselves and, with a possible single exception, the great powers of Europe can see, nothing but union. There appears to be so much—the regulation of present economic difficulties, the safeguarding of national prides and prejudices, the calming of international tempers at present dangerously agitated by the twin spurs of competition and fear—to be gained by union, not only for Austria and Hungary, but for Europe as a whole, that one is filled with the strongest feelings of optimism regarding the future outlook of those countries in Europe who will have to be in accord before Austro-Hungarian reunion can become a *fait accompli*.

Already in 1933 it was proposed that Austria with her industrial resources and Hungary, which is a predominantly agricultural country, should enter into an economic alliance, but owing to opposition from the Small Entente, this scheme, the beneficial results of which would have been becoming apparent by now, fell to the ground. At the time, I was reliably informed that the Small Entente feared that any form of Austro-Hungarian union would constitute a menace to their security. An armed uprising in Hungary, I was told, would certainly follow the joining of that country to Austria, for the Hungarians were desperate to regain their lost territories . . .

That the Hungarians were then and are now, somewhat naturally, anxious for a readjustment of the Treaty of Trianon neither I nor any intelligent and well-informed Hungarian will deny; but as for being desperate, that is not so. The days of the magnificent but ineffectual cry of *Nem! Nem! Soha!* are over and done with.

Nevertheless, at the time of the proposed union in 1933, the Small Entente pleaded fear of Hungarian aggression as a reason for vetoing the proposal, and it is

possible though hardly probable—for Hitler's pan-German ideas affect each of them too nearly—that the Succession States may plead the same fear if and when the question of Austro-Hungarian reunion is again raised. Therefore, in order to avoid any possibility of further needless terror, it is perhaps worth recalling that, as opposed to the 35,000 troops allowed to Austria and Hungary respectively by the Peace Treaties, the military strength of the Small Entente is as follows :—

	Czecho-slovakia.	Roumania.	Jugoslavia.
Army on Peace Footing ...	160,000	232,000	150,000
„ „ War „ ...	1,300,000	1,500,000	1,150,000
Light Machine Guns... ...	7,300	4,000	3,300
Heavy „ „	2,500	1,000	1,000
Light Guns	876	832	1,402
Heavy „	456	175	180
Armoured Cars	100	90	30
Aeroplanes	850	350	360

It is true that in the Heimwehr Austria disposes of a partly armed force of some 40,000 men besides her army, but to balance the Heimwehr Jugoslavia alone has a force of gendarmerie numbering 450 officers and 17,000 men, while Austria and Hungary it should be recalled are forbidden heavy guns, tanks, military aeroplanes, and equipment for gas warfare. On the whole, therefore, it seems possible that the fears of the Small Entente of Austria and Hungary and their opposition to reunion between these two monsters of aggression may not be quite so unconquerable as some people would have us believe them to be. The same—always bearing in mind the real danger to the Succession States of the pan-German ideal—can be inferred of the probable ultimate reaction in Czechoslovakia, Roumania, and Jugoslavia to the question of Habsburg restoration in Austria and Hungary.

At this juncture, I would state that in my opinion no reunion between Austria and Hungary can hope to be stable or productive of peace-ensuring conditions in the two countries unless such a reunion be cemented by

some real, inspiring, and at the same time restraining, force. To anyone who has the barest notion of the psychological weariness of present-day Austria and Hungary the need for a co-ordinating and consolidating unit such as I have suggested will be readily apparent. They have lost so much, these two countries, of material possession, of national poise and rightful hope, that inevitably their outlook has to a certain extent become tainted with a feeling of *laissez-faire* which might well tend, I have the strongest impression, to make them feel: "Very well! it is no use continuing to struggle, we will throw in our lot with the strongest of those interested in us."

At the present moment, four separate nations—Italy, Germany, France, and Russia—are more than casually interested in Austria and Hungary. Here it is not my place to say anything as to the possible good or evil effect on the future of European peace of any one country's interest in Austria becoming too predominant. What, though, I do say is that devoid of external assistance it is impossible for either Austria or Hungary to continue in existence as independent and constructive European forces; that therefore a reasonable amount of exterior assistance to them is to be welcomed; that one factor and one factor only can regulate such external aid and maintain Austria and Hungary in such a condition as will, not to mince matters, ensure their being worth aiding, and that that factor is a monarchy.

And if monarchy is the traditional regulating link between the two countries, here and now it can be said with authority that never since the late Emperor Carl was driven from Austria has the possibility of a Habsburg restoration in that country, at any rate, been so definite as it is to-day; further, that if and when the young Archduke, Otto, rightful heir to the Austrian throne, is eventually crowned Emperor, he will owe much to Chancellor Dollfuss—Millimetternich—that diminutive statesman of vast courage whose determination and

ability have done more than anything else to maintain Austria in a condition wherein the return of the monarchy is not only desirable but as well practicable.

Glancing, briefly, at the régime which the Chancellor has inaugurated, we see that tangible opposition to the monarchy in Austria has been reduced almost to nil. The government's firm and exemplary action in dealing with the attempted civil war of a few weeks ago—a action which has been deliberately misinterpreted by anti-Austrian propagandists—has destroyed the Austrian Social-Democratic party; while the proscription of National Socialism in Austria has completed the clearing of heavy obstacles from the Monarchist path. Yet in seeking to elucidate the exact attitude towards restoration of the Chancellor himself, one is up against a difficult problem. For although Dollfuss is known to be an ardent admirer of the old régime—he frequently appears in public in his old uniform of a lieutenant of the Imperial Chasseurs, wearing the decoration which he received at the Emperor's hands for bravery in the field—yet no one is more aware of the delicacy of the Habsburg question than he, no one more able to maintain an impenetrable reserve.

The Cabinet on the other hand is known to be monarchistically inclined, and some of Dollfuss' lieutenants are far from being as reticent as he is. Among these lieutenants such names as those of Major Baron Fey, General-Oberst Prince Alois von Schönberg-Hartenstein, Dr. Kurt von Schuschnigg, and Dr. Richard Schmitz are interesting.

Baron Fey, the Vice-Chancellor,* is an acknowledged Strong Man, an old professional soldier, and an avowed imperialist. Prince von Schönburg, who before his entry into the Cabinet was chairman of that influential monarchist body the Association of Catholic Noblemen,

* On May 1, Baron Fey fulfilled political expectations by renouncing the vice-Chancellorship in favour of Prince von Starhemberg, leader of the Austrian Heimwehr. In so doing, however, Baron Fey has increased rather than lessened his sphere of influence, and his new duties in the Ministry of Security will give ample scope for his well-known " iron " qualities.

is the present Minister of War. Dr. Von Schuschnigg is Minister of Education, and it is stated that his military organization the Ostmärkische Sturmscharen are equal in numbers and equipment to the Heimwehr. While Dr. Richard Schmitz is an acknowledged legitimist, having already some years ago drafted a bill for the repeal of the laws which banished the Habsburgs from Austria and confiscated their private property. All the above are undisguisedly monarchist, and as can be seen, they wield between them very considerable power.

Turning to the legal position of the Habsburgs, it is impossible to find in Austria any tangible barrier to a restoration. The present constitution describes Austria as a Democratic Republic, but the new constitution which is expected shortly to be set up will alter this designation.* It is true that a constitutional law passed in 1919 expelled the Habsburgs from Austria and deprived them of their properties and of their citizen rights in that country; but here again, as I was recently informed by a prominent legitimist, there is every reason to expect a change in the near future. Actually, according to my informant, special legislation is already afoot to repeal the expulsion law of 1919; and if this legislation is successful we may, I am told, expect to see Archduke Otto, son of the late Emperor Carl, in a position to return to Austria—probably to Wartholz in lower Austria—within the next few months.

As far as the Peace Treaties are concerned, that of Saint Germain contains no clause preventing a Habsburg restoration to the Austrian throne, though it is a fact there have been various international treaties the object of which has been to obviate such an happening. Of such treaties, however, the pacts of Rapallo and Rome, between Italy and Jugoslavia, signed respectively in November, 1920, and January, 1924, have expired, while

* Since the writing of this article, the new constitution has come into being on May 1, and the word "Republic," has been dropped from the official title of the State.

the treaty between Austria herself and Czechoslovakia which was concluded at Lana in 1921 and which provided for united action in the event of an attempted Habsburg restoration has also expired. The Small Entente treaties between Czechoslovakia, Roumania and Jugoslavia do still exist and, renewable every five years and providing among other things for Habsburg exclusion from Austria and Hungary, might be considered a serious obstacle; but as such, in the light of present-day European politics, they can be and are, I feel justified in saying, scarcely regarded, either by the parties themselves to the treaties or by those against whom they are directed. The same also applies to the only other pact, hostile to a Habsburg restoration in Austria, in existence—the "treaty of alliance and friendship" between France and Czechoslovakia, signed on January 20, 1924. Of the various remaining Habsburg-exclusive elements, such as the opposition of Germany, the alleged Italian fear of the irridentist movement which a restoration might be thought likely to rouse among the Austrians in Italy, and the quite untenable attitude of the Small Entente, I have written elsewhere. For the moment, before regarding the broad outline of probable international reaction to Habsburg restoration in Austria, it is interesting briefly to examine the domestic reaction in that country to the personality of the young Archduke who a year from now may well be Emperor.

At the outset, we have the Austrian National-Socialists, those subjects of Austria who are infatuated with the notion of union with Germany. Nazism, as has already been said, is proscribed in Austria, but proscription, under certain circumstances, can be a form of encouragement, and in any case, a veto does not necessarily carry itself into effect. Thus in considering the domestic side of the question, "Will the Habsburgs go back on to the throne of Hungary?" one cannot entirely rule out the Nazi element in that country. Backed by Germany, who will do anything within her somewhat

limited power to prevent Archduke Otto from ascending the throne—for the government of Germany to-day is living principally on the personal prestige of Chancellor Hitler, and that prestige will have been dealt a shrewd blow if and when the *anschluss* which Hitler claimed he could so easily carry through becomes an impossibility—the National-Socialists in Austria may be expected yet to cause trouble. But extremely careful supervision of their activities has curtailed their field of operations; and already, so I am reliably informed, there are signs that the large numbers of well-meaning but constitutionally opportunist followers with which the ranks of Nazism in Austria have been swelled are beginning to look elsewhere for an opening for their allegiance. Socialism has just fought a losing battle, and it is reasonable to assume that the Socialist remnant will prefer a constitutional monarchy to a Right-Dictatorship, so that there remains but one path for the Nazi stragglers to follow, the path which is being trodden by the monarchists.

In considering the national reaction to the notion of restoration in Austria one point which I feel to be worthy of particular note is the political-mindedness of the ordinary Austrian, the Austrian man-in-the-street, whose sense of values both national and international in these, for him, extremely trying days is remarkably acute. He may be innkeeper, waiter, barber, or solid peasant-farmer, this everyday Austrian : be he what he may, his opinion, always interesting, is often most enlightening. Recently, in Vienna, in the Burgenland, in Lower and Western Austria, I have had the opportunity of speaking with the type of Austrian just mentioned, and leaving aside the self-confessed Nazi I must say that the preponderance of definitely pro-Otto opinion manifested was a revelation, time and again the answer to my questions having been along these lines :—

" He (Otto) can marry and bring us an Empress who will bring us friends." " He can prevent us from making enemies all round, which is what we shall do if we join

with Germany." "He can safeguard our religion." "He can help to increase exports." While one gigantic and grizzled peasant-farmer whom I met in an inn not an hour from Vienna summed up the matter from his and his kind of man's point of view when he told me in roundabout fashion that, as a result of the war, Austria had lost much; that since the war she had suffered much; that in the last four years she had approached close to the point at which she was in danger of losing all, that was to say, her national pride. It was his opinion, and he was not alone in holding that opinion, not by a long way he wasn't, that an Emperor, a ruler, something that he and his sort could look up to and recognize, would give back to Austria that measure of national pride without which no country in Europe could expect or be expected to play a constructive Christian rôle.

That Archduke Otto would be capable of rallying the fading Austrian national consciousness there can be little doubt. That very defect—I speak of his youth: he is not yet twenty-two—with which some of his most friendly critics charge him seems to me to be one of his greatest assets. For here, straight away, is a quality which he shares with and which will go far towards winning the hearts of the majority of his opponents, the Austrian Nazis whose ranks are so largely recruited from the schools and universities.

In Austria, as in Germany, I am convinced that much of the fundamental success of Nazism is directly traceable to the fact that the movement has, from the very beginning, offered an emotional outlet for a romantically minded youth whose natural romanticism has slowly, yet surely, if inevitably, been driven in on itself by the seeming futility of a long-drawn political game. Then to Germany came Nazism—with its field boot and brown shirt glamour—which, although the ultimate end may prove to be unworthy of the means employed to achieve it, has certainly succeeded thus far in rekindling and maintaining the vital flame of national feeling. But

if Nazism has achieved that much in Germany, surely Otto can do the same for Austria.

Speaking entirely personally, I think that he can. Young in years he may be, but since the age of ten he has had to fight his own battles. Moreover, a minority of hardship has bred in him a wisdom beyond his years, fostered a decided gift for statesmanship. Knowing that with caution, allied to intelligence, he has much to gain (the probability of some common-sense revision of the Peace Treaties becomes daily more apparent), he is unlikely in the extreme to risk all by meddling with extra-territorial problems which, it is apparent to him, are beyond his ability to solve.

I am revealing no secret when I say that the Archduke has been educated with the possibility always before him that, one day, he might reign; and anyone who has had the pleasure of conversing with the elder son of the late Emperor Carl will agree with me when I say that the results of that education are abundantly manifest in the cool and constructive outlook which he is able to bring to bear on the multiple problems of present-day Europe. Finally, in a world which appears to be revolving with ever increasing certainty about those two all-significant poles, Rome and Moscow, it is a matter for satisfaction that Archduke Otto is a practising and intelligent Catholic, a fact the significance of which in a country such as Austria it would be hard to over-estimate.

It has already been suggested in the course of this article that a measure of accord between various European countries will be necessary before the Habsburgs can return; nor does there, having regard to the present trend of European politics, appear to be any appreciable barrier to such an agreement. Germany, of course, is hostile to reunion or restoration; but Germany's hostility is the very factor which can and eventually may unite the majority of European lands in favour of a new Austria-Hungary and of Otto; unite them, incidentally, in a peace-preserving commonalty of thought.

It has been stated recently that Germany has allocated 250,000,000 marks for propaganda in Austria. No doubt, similar though smaller sums have been earmarked for a like purpose in Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Roumania, and Jugoslavia, in each of which countries a sizeable German minority exists. But the ultimate intentions which such propaganda-funds connote are, to state the case mildly, productive of great alarm in France, while the warm welcome accorded to M. Barthou on his recent visit to Czechoslovakia argues that that country, the spearhead of Small Entente policy, is of the same mind as France on this question; and I have excellent reasons for suggesting that Roumania and Jugoslavia are both deeply concerned at the increase of German propaganda in their respective countries. Great Britain, who is in any case likely to vote with a predominantly pro-Habsburg Europe, can hardly be expected to look with favour on a Germany which, while pleading lack of foreign exchanges as a reason for a suggested non-payment of external obligations, is able to dispose of vast quantities of that very commodity for peace-disruptive purposes. Russia, with her foreign policy in the hands of Litvinoff, one of the most astute of present-day diplomats, is, like Britain, likely to side with the majority—and Russia's Eastern problems, it should be remembered, render a series of friendly relations in Europe essential. Though the attitude of Poland to the question is, perhaps, a trifle obscure, recent events would seem to show that that country is in agreement with France on many points. But of the feelings of the Vatican, the temporal influence of which state is too often and too generally under-estimated, I feel there can be little doubt.

It has long been felt that the Pope was decidedly, if unostentatiously, sympathetic to the case of Archduke Otto; nor does one require occult powers of divination to realize that, always bearing in mind Hitler's avowed plans for absorption of Catholic Austria, the recent intensification of anti-Catholicism in Germany will have

tended greatly to have consolidated the friendly relations existing between the Vatican and the House of Habsburg.

Finally, we have Italy who might be expected to show opposition to revival of the Dual Monarchy. This, however, I do not anticipate; the main Italian objection (pleaded, strangely enough, by politicians who are almost exclusively non-Italian) that restoration of the monarchy will result in inflammatory propaganda among the Austrians now domiciled in Italy being answerable by the fact that the Archduke Otto, though he be young, is not a fool; and no one but a fool would, with the resources which Austria and Hungary can offer, seek to reclaim that part of Austria which is lost to Italy. No, Italy will not prove a stumbling block in the path of restoration, for the Italians are justified in envisaging far more danger of an irridentist movement emanating from a Germany which had absorbed Austria than from a youthful Emperor who will have much to gain by marching with events, everything to lose by precipitating them.

Thus it would seem that the prospects of European unanimity concerning a Habsburg restoration are distinctly bright. It has already been suggested that the feeling in Austria itself is good, legal objections being nil and public opinion tending to rally in favour of Archduke Otto. There remains, then, nothing to do so far as the monarchy in Austria is concerned save to await the outcome of those circumstances which this article seeks to depict.

That Otto's accession would be a boon to Europe in general I personally feel most strongly. My one regret is that the European unanimity which is needed to facilitate such an event seems likely to be achieved only as a result of the almost incredible stupidity of the present régime in Germany, a country for which I cherish feelings of the deepest regard.

A Countryman's Diary

By A. G. Street (Author of "Farmer's Glory")

April 16th.

IDEAL weather. Fine and warm, even hot. You can almost see things grow. From a farming point of view every prospect pleases and only the untaxed imports of meat, dairy produce, and eggs are vile. Milk prices are very low, but the yield of the herd is increasing. I see that my outdoor outfit, one man and one lad, sent down 135 gallons to-day. England's spring grass takes a deal of beating as an animal foodstuff.

April 18th.

A gorgeously wet day, wet all day. The rain was doing much more good than I could on the farm when I left for London in the early morning, and when I returned —very late, or rather early next morning—the countryside seemed so fresh and clean after town. I can understand that most townsfolk never want any rain as it interferes with their pleasures and their comfort, but, even if it be considered selfish, I hope that we get two inches a week until the first of June. After all, the land is a national asset, and a plenteous rainfall in April and May will enable it to produce a large bulk of produce. Once growth has taken place in those months fine sunny weather to ripen it into first-quality produce will please both town and country.

April 19th.

I see that the Livestock Commission have put restoring remunerative prices to livestock producers in the forefront of their proposals, while they also recommend the establishment of a more efficient system of marketing and the raising of the quality level of home-produced meat. Well, provided the powers that be bring about the

first, I am sure that the farmers will help them to do the other two. Farming prosperity depends largely upon price—the price of the article sold or the cost of its production—and, as livestock are responsible for nearly three-quarters of our farmers' money income, one can say in all truth that the prosperity of the farming industry in this country depends, almost entirely, upon livestock prices. Better marketing and better quality may do something, but they must be allied to better prices if they are to accomplish anything really worth while. To that end surely tariffs are better than quotas. Dash it! The nation decided some time ago to abandon Free Trade for a Protectionist policy. Why then should not one of our largest industries, agriculture, share in that protection fairly with our other industries? Must our legislators continue to funk that awful thing, a tariff on imported meat, and use quotas to take meat away from our people instead? And if they must continue to funk tariffs why do they put tariffs on oats, a feeding-stuff for all stock? Ideas are things which you hold, but convictions are things which hold you, or should hold you. The question arises, "Have our legislators the courage of their convictions?"

April 22nd.

I was yarning to a brother farmer this evening, and he gave me a beautiful illustration of the part which some of our bankers and financiers are playing in society to-day. "Don't you blame them for the world's troubles," he said. "They can't help themselves. They are caught up in the toils of an inefficient monetary system, and are obliged to work it. I'll give you an illustration. When you see lousy cattle, you don't blame the lice, you blame the system of management which permits their presence." I dare not comment on this, but I have conveyed it, unsweetened, to some of my financial friends with great glee.

April 24th.

To me some of the grouses of the salaried classes concerning the restoration of only half the cuts in their salaries are rather nauseating, especially when one considers the fall in price of most commodities. One farmer put it to me in this way. "My income has been cut by 75 per cent.," he said, "and I've lost half my invested capital in addition. I'd go down on my bended knees and thank Heaven if I could get a safe salaried job, even if it was cut another 20 per cent." One result of the depression in farming is that many young farmers are trying to get salaried jobs either under government or some public body. They are learning to hate the land, and to seek a cushy job, with settled holidays, and a pension, and who can blame them? Of course, the obvious answer to this is to nationalize the land, and make all farmers into civil servants, in receipt of a good salary, settled holidays, and a pension, but somehow I don't think this would lead to cheaper food. The trouble is that the nation seems more concerned with the non-producing side of the population than with the producing side. Take pigs, for instance. To-day a man has to have some sort of permit or licence to keep a pig, another to move a pig, another to stick a pig, and, for all I know, another to sell the meat. What of it? All these things are necessary. Very true. But so, surely, is the pig. Supposing there's no pig produced, there'll be no jobs for the licence issuers. There is no doubt that to-day many of the salaried classes in safe jobs are the only folk in the country who justly warrant the title of "profiteers," and their recent selfish attitude to the budget makes one feel rather disgusted. The attitude of the teaching profession, especially, makes me wonder whether education has taught them anything of real worth, and also whether the teaching of the youth of the nation is in good hands.

April 27th.

Work on the farm is going on nicely, helped tremendously by favourable weather. The growth of all crops

is very rapid indeed, and, despite the late start this spring, it looks as though haymaking will come along at the usual time. We are busy overhauling mowers, sweeps, and other machinery in readiness for it. It's all machinery these days, and the horse plays a very small part in modern haymaking. In this connection no one can say that Wiltshire's farming does not move with the times, for I should imagine that this county uses more machinery than most.

April 28th.

It beats me why our administrators have neglected our poultry industry. Surely a home-produced egg should be fresher than an imported one. The great difficulty about bringing prosperity to any branch of agriculture is that some article of food must, of necessity, rise in price. Well, if there is one product of our farming which could rise in price without upsetting the consumer very much it is eggs. To-day they are at or even below pre-war price. A rise of threepence per dozen would hurt nobody—few salaries are at the pre-war level—and it would make a world of difference to a branch of our farming which produces nearly four times the annual value of our wheat crop. Moreover, the poultry side of farming employs a lot of labour.

May 1st.

It was really hot to-day. Usually when we do get a sufficiency of rain at this season the weather is cold with it, but this year the conditions for growth are ideal. England is, indeed, green England just now. I went up to the downs to-day to look at some cattle, and stopped for a moment to admire the view. Wiltshire showed me every possible shade of green, but a lorry with a tarpaulin over it did not match any one of them. In a street I should have said that the tarpaulin was green, but in the countryside in May I knew it for what it was—a poor

man-made imitation of the real thing, England's spring green, a colour which cannot be found anywhere else in the whole world.

May 2nd.

In spite of all the undoubtedly justifiable grumbling which the recent milk settlement has caused amongst farmers, one thing stands out : that dairy farmers do not want to see the Milk Marketing Scheme fail. Many leading dairy farmers tell me that they are surprised that many more mistakes have not been made in connection with it, and that they have hope for the future. I am of the same opinion, for milk is a very big thing compared with either wheat or sugar beet. Even in failure the Milk Marketing Scheme must knock that into even the thickest political head, and this will be bound to be for the good of our farming industry. Our administrators may talk wheat and sugar beet, they may so work the oracle that these products are still further subsidized, and they may do anything else in connection with them which takes their fancy, but UNTIL ANIMAL HUSBANDRY IS PROSPEROUS IN THIS COUNTRY OUR FARMING INDUSTRY WILL BE IN A BAD WAY. Conversely, when our animal husbandry is put into a prosperous condition, all the other branches of farming will right themselves. I rarely bet, but I am so convinced of these two statements that I will lay anyone £5 to one penny that I am right.

May 3rd.

Wilton Fair Day. Sheep prices were good, but cattle barely held their own. Still, glorious weather made most of us fairly cheerful. What gamblers farmers are ! I saw a man buy some half-fat steers, ten of them. They wanted two months good keep, and then if meat prices remain stationary, when fat they should show the buyer £2 per head profit over and above their keep. That's £20. But if one of them goes wrong meanwhile ? Still,

if you have a farm you must farm it. It is better to take these risks than not to do so. That way means a certain loss. I was very amused with a cheapjack's patter after the stock sales were finished. He was selling rope and harness. "What do farmers want?" he said. "Ah! Rope! Here's some good rope. Strong enough to hang the fattest M.P. in Parliament. And here's three thin 'uns for the three arbitrators. Wants to hurt they a bit." Well, it seems an idea.

May 5th.

I see that the Milk Board are to put into force next Fall a scheme whereby producers of better and cleaner milk will receive a bonus on every gallon of such milk produced. This is good news. If we cannot beat the imported article for price we must try to do so for quality. That is the only way to get the consumer's business. The palate beats patriotism every time. Also there is an inner edge to this scheme, which will have a wonderful educational effect. The extra money which the producer of clean milk will receive will not come from government, or from the consumer, or from the blue. It will come from the amount left to pay the dirty-milk producer. At long last we are going to do something for the farmer who tries to do something for himself.

May 10th.

I went up into Hampshire to-day to see a brother farmer about some business, and I found him doing bricklayer's work. He has just had a well bored and a pump fitted, and he was busy building the engine-house out of breeze blocks, which one of his men was making on the spot. To-day the cost of boring a well and installing a reservoir, pump, and the other necessaries for an efficient farm-water supply is not excessive, and it is certainly much cheaper than water hauling. No man ever yet hauled enough water for stock, and they seem to drink more

when the necessity for hauling arrives. Such procedure is penny wise and pound foolish. Still the money for a water supply is not always in the farmer's coffers. Even so, there should be a way out. When he owns the farm any bank should be willing to advance the money necessary as the installation of a water supply increases the value of the holding considerably. Where he rents the farm, the same argument should carry weight with the landlord.

May 12th.

I have just received my copy of the N.F.U. Year Book, and once again wish to tender my congratulations and thanks to its editor, Captain Cleveland Fyfe, the general secretary of the Union. That in itself is a big job which the present holder does well, and how he has found time to edit the Year Book passes my comprehension. It is a veritable mine of trustworthy information, and no farmer should neglect to study it.

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Foreign Affairs

By Sir Charles Petrie

ONE does not need to be a confirmed pessimist to be perturbed at the progress of events during the past few weeks. The relations between France and Germany have taken a definite turn for the worse, and in neither country has the internal situation improved. There is no telling what may be the consequence of our strained economic relations with Japan, and if political complications ensue our impotence in the Far East will at once become apparent. The victories of Ibn Saud in Arabia may well have the most profound effect upon our position as the leading Mohammedan Power. It may be that all will yet be well, but by continuing to be unarmed in such circumstances Great Britain is running a risk unprecedented in her history.

The actual state of affairs contrasts sharply with the jaunty optimism of so many of our fellow-countrymen. Granted that the number of unemployed is decreasing (it is still over two millions), and that our credit is high, still there is a definite limit to the extent of recovery by internal effort alone, and we may be very near that limit. With at least three very ominous storm centres in international affairs, and with every prospect of a Socialist majority at the next General Election, it is permissible to ask whether we are not living in a fool's paradise. It is impossible to believe that the Government does not see the dangers ahead, and in that case it is repeating the crime of Mr. Asquith's administration, in the years before the war, in not warning the country of its peril.

The French Situation

WHAT is happening beneath the surface in France it is difficult to say. Every Frenchman will tell you that there is bound to be an explosion before long, but no two Frenchmen will agree on its nature. The air is full of suspicion, and a political motive is assigned to

the most commonplace crime or suicide. Matters have clearly gone too far for mere palliatives, as when M. Poincaré restored the financial position in 1926, and the question is, can M. Doumergue, whose government is steadily growing weaker, effect the necessary reforms before the crash comes?

Meanwhile, the Right and Left are concentrating their forces, and are preparing for the type of struggle that has already taken place in Italy, Germany, and in Austria, and is in progress in Spain. Socialists and Communists are trying to form what it pleases them to call an anti-Fascist front, while the *Croix de Feu* is working upon much the same lines as the Fascists, the Nazis, and the Heimwehr. The ultimate goal of the *Croix de Feu* is slightly obscure, but it will probably be some form of Corporate State. If the clash does take place it will win, but the interval will be unpleasant, for revolutions in France are liable to be messy affairs.

If Socialism is crushed in France in the way that it has been elsewhere, then all the political scum of Europe, which has made Paris its home for so long, will have to shift its quarters. It is to be hoped that the British Government is ready to take the necessary steps to prevent the arrival in this country of undesirables for whom there will no longer be a refuge on the Continent.

The Future of Germany

IN spite of the reduction in the number of unemployed, it is clear that the general position in the Reich has not improved during the past two months. The wild men have got out of hand again, and Hitler seems unable or unwilling to control them. There are also all the ingredients of a conflict between the Nazis and the Churches, for the former are attempting to enforce a policy of pure paganism under the guise of State control, and Protestants as well as Catholics are determined to resist this. Why a regime of which the avowed intention is to unite Germans should go out of its way to divide

them in this manner is one of the paradoxes of modern Europe.

Hitler's treatment of the working-class has also come in for some sharp criticism abroad. The *Lavoro Fascista*, for example, maintains that the German worker is far worse off than he was before the Nazis came into power, and that the latter have deliberately sacrificed him to Big Business, by which they have been financed. However this may be, Hitler's policy for the economic reorganization of his country is still to seek, and the fact that he has not attempted to commence the structure of a corporate State lends colour to the supposition that he dare not offend those who are always opposed to a corporate system, namely, the bankers and large capitalists.

Germany, France, and Italy

IN view, therefore, of the internal situation in their respective countries, neither the French nor the German Government can afford to pursue a foreign policy which might weaken its position at home. At the same time, both are fearful of being isolated, and so neither will do anything to annoy Italy. This means, in effect, that Rome will continue to do what she likes in the Danube basin, interrupted only by the propaganda of the more extreme Nazis, whom the German Chancellor apparently cannot control. As for Jugo-Slavia, the German mission to Belgrade was a failure, and King Alexander is reported to have said the other day that if he had to choose between Germany and Italy he would prefer the latter.

These are the realities, and not all the eloquence of Mr. MacDonald, Sir John Simon, and Mr. Anthony Eden can alter them. If a scheme of security can be devised in accordance with them, there may still be a chance of preventing re-armament. At the moment it looks as if the Disarmament Conference were merely being kept in existence until it has been decided on whose doorstep to deposit the baby.

The Far East

BRITISH relations with Japan at the present time fall into two categories, and it is well that they should be kept distinct. There is our trade with that country on the one hand, and her position in China on the other. So far as the first point is concerned, we are confronted with the entirely new phenomenon of competition in our home market from an industrialized Oriental nation, with an infinitely lower standard of living and consequently a much lower cost of production. There are no precedents to guide us in the line we should take, and it may well be, as Signor Mussolini maintains, that this new situation, which affects all Europe, can only be met by united European action.

The problem of Japanese control of China is only secondarily economic, that is to say it will not become economic unless Japan uses her political influence to secure a reversal of the " open door " policy. What her statesmen are working for is obviously a Monroe Doctrine in the Far East. Once this was recognized by the Powers, Japan could effect a settlement with China, and so guard against any attack by the latter when war, which every Japanese believes to be inevitable, breaks out with Russia. In these circumstances it is in the highest degree unlikely that Japan will take any economic steps that might range the Western Powers with Russia and the United States when the crisis does occur.

Tokyo or Moscow ?

TO no small extent this state of affairs is the result of the encouragement given by the League of Nations of recent years to that medley of warring factions which appears on the map as China. The unfortunate Chinese have become the plaything of Geneva, which has egged them on to flout Japan, and then left them in the lurch when they have done so. The result has been that European prestige in the Far East has reached its nadir, and as Great Britain has the greatest interests in that quarter we have been the principal sufferers.

That China will eventually work out her own salvation is doubtless true, but it will take time, and we are concerned with the next twenty years. During this period Japan will be the mistress of the Far East, and the only way in which her enemies can hope to weaken her will be by encouraging the disruptive forces of the Third International, that is to say, by striking at the roots of civilization all over the world on the chance of ruining Japan. This country can never indulge in so suicidal a game as that. We must try rather to come to terms with the leading Power in Asia, recognize Manchukuo, and safeguard our own interests before Germany or some other country appears on the scene, and cuts the ground from under our feet. We are not in a position to fight with the slightest hope of success, and so we must make the best of very unfortunate circumstances.

The Arabian War

IT is still too early to come to any decision with regard to the ultimate consequences of what is happening in Arabia. One thing alone is clear, and it is that they must vitally affect the British Empire. The route to India and Australia, both by sea and air, passes through the present war zone, and events there demand the closest attention. The improvement of our position in the Middle East was one of the few solid gains of the late war, and it is difficult to see how the balance of power in that quarter could be upset save to our disadvantage. Will Ibn Saud be content with Arabia, or will he remember the precedent of Mohammed, who used that country as the basis for an attack on Mesopotamia, Palestine and Egypt?

A certain section of the foreign Press sees in the conflict between Ibn Saud and the Imam of Yemen a tussle between Great Britain and Italy for the control of the Red Sea. That is not the case, and it must not be allowed to become such. The Foreign Office has done well to keep in touch with Rome since the troubles began, and it is to be hoped that it will continue to do so. There

have been too many instances in the past of European Powers working against one another in just such circumstances as these, with the most fatal consequences. The only safe policy is one of the closest Anglo-Italian co-operation.

The New Austria

THE British Press, which said far too much about the suppression of the Socialists in Austria, has devoted far too little space to the new Constitution which has been adopted in that country. Austria is the latest convert to the Corporate State, but her rulers have adapted, rather than adopted, the Italian system. The preamble relates that the Austrian people "receives this Constitution for its Christian, German, Federal State on a corporate foundation." Legislation is to be carried out by a Federal Chamber after previous discussion of the draft bills brought forward by the Government in the Council of State, the Federal Council of Culture, the Federal Economic Council, and the Council of the Provinces.

These bodies are constituted as follows:—

(1) The Council of State: Forty or fifty eminent citizens nominated by the President, and approved by the Chancellor.

(2) The Council of Culture: Thirty or forty representatives of the Churches, religious bodies, and educational institutions. Members must have attained the age of twenty-six.

(3) The Economic Council: Seventy or eighty members nominated by the Corporations.

(4) The Council of Provinces: The Governors of Provinces, and a financial representative from each Province.

All the above are purely advisory.

The Federal Chamber consists of 20 members of the Council of State, 10 of the Council of Culture, 20 of the Economic Council, and 9 of the Council of Provinces.

Measures are first of all submitted to the expert criticism of the advisory Councils, and are then brought before the Federal Chamber, which can approve or reject, but not amend, them. In certain circumstances, notably after the rejection of a bill by the Federal Chamber, the Government has the right to refer the measure in question to a plebiscite of the whole nation.

The Archduke Otto

IT is high time that the popular Press ceased to publish tendencious nonsense about the head of the House of Habsburg, who to-morrow may well be Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary. This campaign of denigration reached its culminating point in an article a few weeks ago in a London evening paper, the writer of which, in the course of a personal attack, admitted that he had never even seen the Archduke. He is generally depicted as a youth of very mediocre intelligence, completely under the influence of his mother. The truth is very different, as those who have ever spoken with him can testify.

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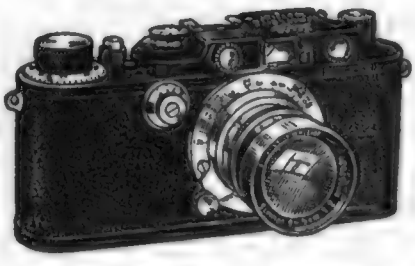

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LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

Edited by HERBERT AGAR

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Literary Notes

The Twilight of the Mugwumps

LIBERAL readers in England and America have found Oswald Spengler's new book, "The Hour of Decision" (Allen & Unwin), so distressing that they have refused, amid silly cries of rage, to understand a word of it. They have called it "Delerium," and they have repeated to one another, with growing indignation, the plain untruth that Spengler has become the apologist of the Nazi revolution. In fact, Spengler treats the Nazis with disdain. He says that their revolution "was no victory, for opponents were lacking. . . . The seizure of power took place in a confused whirl of strength and weakness. I see with misgiving that it continues to be noisily celebrated from day to day." And he describes the Germans as "a nation of poets and thinkers—in the process of becoming a nation of babblers and persecutors."

It is natural, however, that Liberals should take

trouble to misunderstand this book, for "The Hour of Decision" is a vicious attack on everything that Liberalism holds dear: pacifism, progress, utopianism, internationalism, democracy, the League of Nations, the perfectibility of man. And the author makes it easy for malevolent readers to misunderstand him. In the first place, the book is muddied with vituperation and with Prussian self-satisfaction. In the second place, it presupposes a knowledge of the formidable mass of facts collected in the two volumes of "The Decline of the West." It is not enough to have heard, or to have "read somewhere," about the main outlines of Spengler's theory. In outline, Spengler's philosophy of history must seem unconvincing and thin to anyone who is temperamentally opposed. But the great store of illustrations with which he supports his thesis are not unconvincing, and are not thin. These illustrations do not, to be sure, prove everything that Spengler tries to make them prove. They do not make his fatalism an inescapable conclusion. But they do dispose, once and for all, of "progress" in the Wellsian sense of a long and splendid struggle from the Stone Age toward the world state. They do dispose of "perfectibility" in the romantic sense of a mankind which only needs to escape from shackling institutions in order to become both happy and good. In place of these dreams, the facts presented in "The Decline of the West" make a picture of recurring civilizations, each rising on the basis of the timeless agricultural life, each attaining the height of its artistic, religious and social life in the centuries preceding the age of greatest wealth, each culminating in a proud period of finance, world-cities, materialism, and over-ripe art, and each coming thereafter to the same decay.

It is Spengler's thesis that Western man is now in a time of turmoil corresponding to the years between Cannæ and Actium in the Classical world. He declares, therefore, that we are destined to know an age of Cæsarism, which may come quickly or which may follow

on a century of world wars. He says there is only one way we can escape this fate, just as there is only one way a man can escape old age, namely, by death. That is the meaning of his title, "The Hour of Decision." If all the conservative forces of the West now stand together they can, he claims, defeat the two menaces: "modern thought" within our frontiers and the coloured races without. The victory, of course, will only be temporary, but it will insure for Western man a "late" Cæsarian period as proud as that of Rome. The alternative is a quick decline, the triumph of cultural bolshevism and of the white man's enemies in other continents. Asia and Africa, according to Spengler, have lost their respect for the white man and are beginning to lose their fear. If our inner decay is not soon stopped by a ruthless reassertion of authority, the coloured world will seize the chance to complete the destruction which has been so happily begun by the barbarians within our borders.

It is easy to see why this doctrine does not recommend itself to Liberals. At the hour of decision, says Spengler, there is no time to be patient with Liberals. We have reached the Twilight of the Mugwumps. The whole world must now array itself to the Right or to the Left. "The will to the middle way is the senile wish for peace at any price, for a Switzerland of nations, for *historical abdication*, as if thereby the blows of history could be avoided. The opposition of graded social structure and town masses, of tradition and Bolshevism, of the higher existence of the few and the lower of mass labour (however labelled), is upon us. There is no third alternative."

The Conservative who is also a Christian will disagree with Spengler on one vital point. He cannot admit that the proper ambition for Western civilization is to attain the glamorous but pagan old age described by Spengler. He will insist that our first purpose must be to build a State whose institutions are helpful towards, or at least consistent with, salvation. And Spengler's Cæsarism, however successful or superb, must tend to strangle the

soul of man. Herein lies the real weakness of the Right—that it is divided against itself on this question. It is growing more and more united in regard to what it dislikes, but not in regard to what it desires. "Finance-Socialists," writes Spengler, "and trust magnates like Morgan and Kreuger, correspond absolutely to the mass leaders of labour parties and the Russian economic commissars: dealer-natures with the same parvenu tastes. From both sides, to-day as in the days of the Gracchi, the conservative forces of the State—army, property, peasant, and manager—are being attacked." On this we are all agreed; but some of the conservative forces want to repel the attack in order to build a State of freemen who have at least a fair chance to lead a Christian life, and others of the conservative forces are content to build a Roman, or even a Prussian, State, so long as it is strong enough to repress anarchy and give Western civilization a chance to have as long and mellow an autumn as that which ended with the Antonines. This deep division among conservatives makes their fight hard, and perhaps hopeless. But the fight remains obligatory.

Miscellaneous

"A FOSSICKER in Angola" (Figurehead Press), by Malcolm Burr, with a preface by H. W. Nevinson, is an account of personal experiences in the Portuguese African Colony. Mr. Burr is a trained observer of animal life, and has had wide experience of man in many of the less probable corners of the earth. He also has a sense of humour and a pleasant, direct style. The result is a book of real interest, as well as a store of information about a little-known land.

"The Art of Squash Rackets," by F. D. Amr Bey (Chapman and Hall), should appeal to all players of squash rackets who feel they have reached a dead end and that they can never improve their games. It is a large group, for squash rackets is an easy game to learn

up to a point, but a very hard game to master. It is easy to play good second-class squash for years and never improve in the slightest. There are only two ways to get out of such a rut : to work with a good professional, or to work on yourself with the help of a good book. Amr Bey, the undisputed master of the game to-day, has supplied a good book.

The fourth edition of "The Public Schools Year Book" (H. F. W. Deane and Sons), is the official book of reference both of the Headmasters' Conference and of the Association of Preparatory Schools. The book contains full information on all the schools eligible for representation on the Headmasters' Conference, a list of Preparatory Schools, and a section on careers.

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Lowes Dickinson

GOLDSWORTHY LOWES DICKINSON. By E. M. FORSTER. (Arnold. 10s. 6d.)

AT the close of this biography of Lowes Dickinson, Mr. E. M. Forster writes: "The truest words about him were said by his former bedmaker at Cambridge, Mrs. Newman: 'He was the best man who ever lived.'" If Lowes Dickinson was indeed the best man who has ever lived, Mr. Forster must be the worst of all biographers, for of the sublime qualities implied in Mrs. Newman's praise Mr. Forster has given us no hint at all. He has, however, drawn a pleasant portrait of a sincere and thoughtful man, whose interest for those who did not know him personally lies in the fact that he was an almost perfect example of the academic millenialist.

Dickinson, as one would expect, hated his time at a public school. "I curse the time as I look back on it" he wrote in his Recollections. "It seems to me all evil and no good . . . Despised, and as I think rightly, yet by people who were themselves despicable . . . physically unfit, mentally undeveloped—was ever a sadder drearier more hopeless entry upon life?" He felt that the other boys belonged to a different world from his, and he adds: "I have never lost this feeling. Indeed in my old age I feel it as never before. Men become to me simply unintelligible." Commenting on Dickinson's unhappiness at Charterhouse, Mr. Forster suggests that the difference between his boyhood and his manhood was that as a boy he could not escape from the horrors of existence, and that as a man he would not escape from them. Put less romantically, the difference between Dickinson's situation as a boy and as a man was that at school he could not choose his companions or his experiences, and that as a Fellow of King's and a congenital bachelor he could observe the perils of life at a comfortable distance, as one observes through a telescope on a hotel terrace a party climbing Mont Blanc. Nevertheless, he was not quite at ease on the terrace. Much as he had disliked reality close at hand in a public

school, he made several attempts to immerse himself in life before settling down at King's. He worked on a co-operative farm, he lectured in the provinces, and he studied medicine with the intention of becoming a doctor. Back at Cambridge once more, he resigned himself with relief to his destiny, and for some years left the world to shift for itself as best it might. His hatred of school had not sprung from any aversion to the young of his own sex. At Cambridge, where he could select his friends, he was, if not happy, yet more poignantly aware of the happiness which eluded him than anywhere else. "Still their forms appear in the golden mists of dawn" he writes of his youthful friends, "and almost I catch their voices through talk of younger generations, heard under the same chapel walls and the same chestnut groves, on the same great lawns, under the same stars reflected in the same sluggish yet lovely stream that will hear perhaps for centuries yet the same voices at the same budding time of youth; unless—who knows? they fall silent even before the eternal silence closes upon me."

The concluding words reveal his fear of life, of the incalculable menacing world, which, always terrifying, had, since the war become a nightmare of horrible possibilities. Even Cambridge was not safe, even King's might be stormed by the English disciples of Lenin and retaken by the English disciples of Mussolini. The war

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had unnerved him, for that Europe, and especially England, should fall into what Mr. Forster calls "the Devil's trap," Lowes Dickinson never conceived possible, although during the Boxer riots he had felt, in Mr. Forster's words, "the first shudderings of personal horror." His attitude to the war seems indeed to have been very like the attitude of Claudius to the corpse of Polonius: "It had been so with us had we been there"—a sudden pained realization that violent men are not guided by either taste or tact in the selection of their victims. During the first fortnight of the war, under the impulse of this realization, he sketched out the idea of the League of Nations, and during the next few years wrote and lectured on behalf of this body, which he hoped would create a better-behaved Europe. It is no doubt to these efforts that Mr. Forster refers when he says that Lowes Dickinson, as a man, refused to escape from the horrors of existence. But, unless one takes the perhaps arguable position that the League of Nations is itself one of the horrors of existence, these efforts of Lowes Dickinson can more reasonably be interpreted as the attempt of a man who was frightened of life to construct a cage into which the terrifying monster might be driven. His visits to Geneva, after the League had been formed, showed him that his efforts to safeguard the oasis of King's had merely resulted in creating another oasis, at Geneva, in which pleasant spot he could always find some of his old King's friends meditating on the relative advantages of Geneva and the Hague as retreats from an undisciplined world.

Shelley and Goethe, Mr. Forster tells us, were two of Dickinson's chief inspirers. What he learnt from Goethe is not apparent. To a young German, who told Goethe he was thinking of going to America, Goethe replied "Your America is here and now." A vague panacea like the League would not have appealed to Goethe. Dickinson's love for Shelley is more comprehensible, for the America of that distracted poet was here and there, not

here and now. Dickinson doubtless loved him, too, for his recklessness, and envied the spirit with which he fell single-handed upon life. For Shelley was a Don Quixote, and Dickinson was only a don. HUGH KINGSMILL.

The Economic Dilemma

STUDIES IN WORLD ECONOMICS. By G. D. H. COLE. (Macmillan.) 12s. 6d.

THIS book is composed of essays on economic questions, most of which have appeared already in various publications. Some of the essays need considerable knowledge of economics to be properly appreciated, while others can be enjoyed by the ordinary reader. But they are all equally stimulating, and the book is one that should be read by all who are interested in economic problems of the day.

Needless to say, Mr. Cole sees no future in a capitalistic organization of society, for he believes that every boom must inevitably generate a new depression, and that our only hope is the coming of socialism before capitalism produces a depression so great that our society must founder in it. Certainly, for any who still believe in the virtue of unrestrained individualism, this book can act as a well-needed tonic. "A return to laissez-faire is impossible. The concentration of capital needed for the full exploitation of modern productive resources is too great to be left uncontrolled by the State; for those who have this concentrated capital in their hands will assuredly control the State unless it controls them. But it is true enough that attempts of capitalist combines to control production and prices are apt to defeat themselves, creating artificial scarcity, depression, and unemployment in place of the plenty which man's technical command over nature is making possible." Can anyone ask for a better or more concise description of the impossibility of laissez-faire or of the absurdity of the much advertised theory that an artificial rise in prices can do anything but ultimate harm to the community?

Particularly interesting are Mr. Cole's remarks on the future of the bourgeoisie. He points out that whereas the typical bourgeois of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries was a producer, and consequently an individualist who had everything to fear from socialism, there is now an increasingly large class of salaried bourgeois in a totally different economic position from that of their forerunners. The employee of big business, whether public utility company or joint-stock concern, the school-teacher, the civil servant, the university lecturer; these people will still keep their positions if socialism comes. Consequently, Mr. Cole argues, they are "not ranged inevitably on the side of private enterprise, nor necessarily . . . individualist in . . . social outlook," and he believes that they might easily swing over to socialism as soon as it appeared to be the winning side.

If this is true—and it would seem to be true—then there is much in this to support the view held by many socialists that Big Business is but a half-way house to inevitable socialism. If socialism is to be avoided in a world in which laissez-faire is obviously impossible, the aim of those who plan national industries must be not only to preserve—but to extend—the number of small producers in the State. The more these are sacrificed to the large trust and combine, the more the advent of the socialist state is facilitated. Rationalization is but the beginning of the road to socialism. The safeguarding of the small producer is the only barrier to the collectivist state. How few Conservatives or Liberals see this fact. How much they might gain by reading Mr. Cole!

"Almost thou persuadest me!" Again and again one is tempted to exclaim this. It is impossible not to accept Mr. Cole's denunciation of the existing economic order—or, rather, disorder—and it would be hard not to follow him into socialist fields were one not restrained by the thought of the problem to which he does not perhaps give sufficient attention. There is no fundamental

antithesis between communism and conservatism. A communist society could easily be fitted into the framework of our State, and the ideal of communism is an attractive one, for it is equality of opportunity to all men. But we are faced by a problem of human nature. Will men work sufficiently hard to increase the wealth of the community if the interest motive is removed? Mr. Cole evidently believes they would. But is he not making a mistake greater than that of Plato? Men of Mr. Cole's calibre might well act as the Philosopher Kings of the "Republic," and find sufficient spur in the honour of their fellow-citizens. But is this true of the ordinary man?

Yet, without accepting Mr. Cole's belief in the inevitability of socialism, it is hard to close his book without agreeing that a far wider distribution of property and far more equal opportunities must come about if society is to be saved from violent convulsions. The ideal of modern civilization is that of the French Revolution, "carrière ouverte aux talents"; but it is not yet true of England. Can it become true without socialism? There are many who believe so, despite Mr. Cole's assurance that it is impossible. But if it should become clear that this ideal cannot be obtained without some form of communistic organization, the constitutionalist would have to devote his energies to seeing that the economic reorganization came about without violent convulsions and along constitutional lines. For it is certain that forms of society in the future will stand or fall according to the degree to which they give equality of opportunity.

This book is one that should be read with care and without delay. To say this is but to say what is true of all Mr. Cole's works. There is but one criticism that must be made. It is surprising that Messrs. Macmillan should produce a book of this size and importance without an index.

HUGH SELLON.

The Liberal Mind at Work and Play

"Special Correspondent." By Robert Bernays, M.P. (Gollancz. 8s. 6d.)

If it happens, as it well may, that the Liberal party soon no longer exists even in fragments, a time will come when people wonder: What sort of men were they, these last heroic defenders of free trade and speech, these political personages mysteriously classified as "Lib. Sam."? No more adequate answer could be given to such a question than to place in the hands of the asker a copy of "Special Correspondent," for in it is contained the very quintessence of the latter-day Liberal mind.

What does this quintessence of Sam. (as distinct from Sim.) amount to as revealed in so spirited a manner by Mr. Bernays?—ambition working in a vacuum and engendering bouncing fair-mindedness, unfastidious hero-worship, amiable alarmism, jocular tolerance, a sort of infinite protraction of Union debates, a sort of everlasting Peter-Panishness.

Mr. Bernays shows us the Liberal Mind at work on most contemporary problems, domestic and foreign. With him, it buzzes from problem to problem like a bee from flower to flower. Shall we ever lose Canada? Hindenburg—iron or matchboard? Has Youth missed its chance? Is it peace, Hitler? And so on. And so on. In the intervals between answering such questions, it marches four-square to Parliament behind Mr. MacDonald, and then four-square across the floor of the House behind Sir Herbert.

Nor let it be thought that Mr. Bernays confines himself to problems. "Special Correspondent" contains tit-bits of geographical, historical and socialogical information; a short discussion as to whether Shakespeare really visited Denmark before writing "Hamlet" (Mr. Bernays finds the evidence that he did "most insubstantial"), and a brief account of the part played by the King in the 1931 crisis, along with an interesting and hitherto unpublished explanation of Mr. Gandhi's lack of success at the Round-table Conference. The Mahatma, it appears, was over-tired and never quite himself. Also, there are innumerable character studies, of which a good specimen is: "I was impressed by a good deal of what I heard and saw of King Carol. He is right manfully struggling against a mountain of inefficiency."

Altogether, the book contains an almost unbelievable number of clichés—"running sore," "shadows lengthening," the "Arthur

Henderson of this and the Lloyd George of that "—and consists largely of the kind of vapid political judgments that are tiresome enough when read on the leader page of the *News Chronicle*, and that in book form are unutterably tiresome.

The best is when Mr. Bernays first gets into Parliament: "Next to winning a scholarship at Oxford, I have experienced nothing that gives more exquisite pleasure than . . . to wake up in the morning and remember that one is now a member of the same club as Winston and L.G." The same club as Winston and L.G.! Good, oh! good.

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE.

Problems of the Empire

EMPIRE UNITY AND DEFENCE. By MAJOR-GEN. J. F. C. FULLER. (Arrowsmith.) 10s. 6d.

THERE is no subject in more urgent need of public attention, and none in more present neglect, than that which General Fuller examines in this able and stimulating survey. It is good that so penetrating a mind should be applied to the problem, for it is so many-sided that Parliamentary observations upon it are apt to miss the wood for the trees.

General Fuller's reputation as a critic ensures interest in anything he may say about the machinery of Imperial Defence. And that interest is quickened for those who remember that, as military assistant to the previous Chief of the Imperial General Staff, he had a peculiarly good observation point from which to watch the creaks and cracks of the machinery in general, and the Chiefs of the Staff sub-committee in particular. His book fulfils that anticipation of interest, and this part of it contains his most constructive suggestions. But he covers much wider ground. It is typical of his comprehensive sweep of thought that he studies the situation of the Empire before trying to deal with its defence. And that, first of all, he forces us to ask ourselves what, fundamentally, we are defending. Too commonly, the subject is treated as if it were purely a politico-geographical question, and on no higher plane than that of a vested interest in territorial property.

It is a good reminder, at the outset, that "the security of the Empire is not a mere holding of acres and of boundary lines, but the maintenance of an ideal." On any other basis there is

little hope of maintaining its unity and averting the dissolution which has already begun. If liberty is the most distinctively British element in the ideal—as Fuller might have brought out more fully—it can only be assured of security by reconciling it with authority. Here lies the difficulty, a difficulty that our imperial history in recent generations unmistakably shows.

The failure to overcome it, save momentarily under the pressure of war-emergency, is to be traced not to ill-will, but to confused thought. Ineffective decisions spring from inadequate knowledge of the facts and factors. Any move towards unity will be prejudiced until the chambers in which it is consider ed are cleared of dust. For this purpose, Fuller shows us the design of an imperial vacuum cleaner—an advisory council which should be essentially a great "Bureau of Information," with sub-departments of Imperial Culture, Economics, Politics and Defence, each to examine the problems scientifically—and successively. For defence measures must depend on policy.

In the recent Parliamentary debate the Prime Minister invited concrete schemes. General Fuller has followed up this invitation very promptly, and offers an outline plan in which a Minister of Defence is the coping stone instead of the foundation stone. I can conceive no better proof of Fuller's understanding of the problem than his recognition of the need to make a scientific research into the facts the foundation of his scheme. For therein lies the one chance of refuting the epigram, cynical but profoundly true—"History teaches us that we don't learn from history." Even so, history suggests that the chance would be slender. For the value of any "thinking organ," such as Fuller has designed, would depend, ultimately, not on its structure, but on its personnel. In a scientific scheme Fuller himself would be a first choice: but in the light of historical experience such a mind would more probably be marked for exclusion!

B. H. LIDDELL HART.

Essay in Aesthetic

POETRY: DIRECT AND OBLIQUE. By E. M. W. TILLYARD. (Chatto and Windus.) 8s. 6d.

SOMETIMES the invention of a new terminology will inspire a critic with a feeling of discovery and, though in the end his terminology may pass, there will remain the illumination that he has achieved by its use. This seems to be the case with Dr.

Tillyard's employment of the terms Statement and Obliquity. By their means he has thrown many valuable sidelights on many different poets, but the moment he begins to examine the distinction between his two categories these last lose their exactitude altogether.

The quality of his new book, therefore, is more apparent by the use to which he puts his terms than by the terms themselves, and a few quotations should prove this. "It is easy to ridicule the millenarism of a Shelley, but what if his passion for human betterment is no mere echo of the hopes of his age but the oblique expression of a primal joy hidden in all of us?" To show that the terms alone are novel, take this admission: "Achieved symbolism is pure obliquity." With an eye on current verse, Dr. Tillyard says: "On a proper balance between the two [statement and obliquity] the poetic health of a given epoch partly depends." In another place he remarks that, "experience proves the rhythm *is* the poem," but this very just remark proves that the distinction between statement and obliquity is no more than a convenience. It has led the author, however, to infer much more obliquity in Chaucer than most readers have bothered about, and the chief value of his distinctions is just such a revaluation as this. The elaborate analysis of the two terms, moreover, appears to overlook the fact that when direct statement is carried to the point of simplicity its extreme merges into its opposite, for what (on second thoughts) could be more oblique than the effect of the bare numbering of Wordsworth's forty cattle, browsing with their heads to the ground? Dr. Tillyard is most interesting when he suggests the obliquity latent in the most direct poets, not only in Chaucer but in Pope, where we accept it, indeed, but without the consciousness that he has won from absorption in his categories. With this hint the reader can turn with expectancy to the applications to the work of living poets that conclude a scholarly essay.

OSBERT BURDETT.

A Study in Genius

ROSSINI. By FRANCIS TOYE. (Heinemann.) 10s. 6d.

MR. TOYE as a critic needs no introduction to anyone at all *rangé* in the world of music, but he deserves to be better known than he is to the general reader. It is true that all his books

have been concerned either with music or with musicians, and in so far as his writing is pure musical criticism, and therefore controversial, a layman would be incompetent to review it. But in " Rossini " he is writing not merely as a critic of Italian Opera, and its relationship with the artistic life of the Continent during the Nineteenth Century, but primarily as a critic of life; and as his hero was a fascinating personality as well as an important figure in the artistic world, a recommendation of this biography will perhaps be all the more convincing for having been written by one who is preternaturally unmusical.

Rossini's phenomenal career has from almost every point of view been neglected and misinterpreted, which makes this able and delightful interpretation of him doubly welcome. The only word in Mr. Toye's book with which I should quarrel is a half-word in the sub-title: *A Study in Tragi-Comedy*. The idea of tragedy in regard to Rossini seems invalid, unless the author means by it that Rossini might under more favourable circumstances have written more operas than he did, or greater music. But the only circumstance unfavourable to this possibility was Rossini's own highly neurotic personality, and in dealing with the mysterious complex of ability and disability which we call genius it seems the wisest course to take thankfully any achievement genius bestows and to regard its temporary set-backs and ultimate defeat as inevitable. Rossini's life, in comparison with that of most gifted men, seems to have been a singularly happy one. He was phenomenally successful—socially, amorously, and professionally—and all at an early age when he could enjoy it thoroughly. The last years of his life, with his fame unimpaired by twenty years of voluntary retirement, crowned an honourable and distinguished career. Indeed, one of the greatest attractions of Rossini's career is the pleasure one feels in going vicariously from one gay triumph to another.

Biography is an exacting form, calling for accuracy, for a knowledge far wider than its subject, for imagination tempered by integrity. Mr. Toye has all these qualities and in addition the more appealing ones of wit, suavity, and the faculty of making his hero live.

ELEANOR CARROLL CHILTON.

One Man's Small Talk

ENGLISH JOURNEY. By J. B. PRIESTLEY. (Gollancz & Heinemann.) 8s. 6d. net.

IT is significant that this book is called "English Journey," not "An English Journey." In this it follows that abominable fashion of dropping the article from titles to give them a more urgent appeal; and this has been written by the most fashionable of our authors.

Compared with the opportunities which such a journey offered to a writer with eyes to see, ears to hear and a heart to understand, the book must be accounted a small, not to say dull, achievement. Perhaps the deficiency is to be found especially in Mr. Priestley's hearing faculty. For example, like scores of others he attempts a phonetic report of dialects and succeeds only in misleading the reader with a visual convention, which is as far from the truth as is the clergyman convention on the music-hall stage. He cannot even report the North Country dialects correctly, and when he wanders as far from home as Norfolk, he is ludicrously out; as, for example, this alleged reproduction of a Norwich nursery gardener's speech: "Ask 'em to put yew up one o' their little bo'l's o' their Memory Mixture." What convention is this that requires the elision of the t's in "bottles" and their retention in "little"?

Mr. Priestley has no ear. Certainly, none for music. An American or a European turning over these pages and listening to their loquacious rambling, could be forgiven for thinking that England is still what it was once (wrongly) thought to be, the land without music. For it is a fact that this one man journeyed to Southampton, to the West, the Midlands, Yorkshire, Lancashire, Durham and to East Anglia without receiving a single impression of music's part in English life; of the recreative influence of choral singing in all parts of the country; of the ubiquitous competition festival movement; of the marvellous virtuosity of brass bands in industrial centres; of the splendid work against odds of local philharmonic societies; of the courageous efforts which some resorts are making, in spite of the opposition of short-sighted councillors and aldermen, to end the Edwardian nightmare of Seaside Music.

Mr. Priestley leaves the impression of continually missing the point. He indulges in much futile degression over dismal small-town streets and spends more than a due proportion of time in smoke-rooms and bar-parlours. But of what ordinary men and

women are really thinking of this not so very brave new world, he gives us no notion. In a Swindon hotel he mocks at a man and woman making small talk over a mutual acquaintance called Mabel ("Where's Mabel now?"), and finding the subject hard to develop. He could have spared them his scorn, for his own talk about England ("Where's England now?"), for all its glibness, is, comparatively, no bigger or more important than theirs.

BASIL MAINE.

The Immortal Tragi-Comedian

THE LIFE AND MISADVENTURES OF MIGUEL DE CERVANTES. By MARIANO TOMÁS. Translated from the Spanish by WARRE B. WELLS. (Allen and Unwin.) 10s. 6d.

THIS is a gracefully written and lightly constructed life of Cervantes, offered in reverence rather than criticism, so that Cervantes moves through it as a hero bowing with Christlike resignation before the blows and disappointments which beset his adventurous life.

It is difficult to judge how far this romantic sanctification is justified by facts, for the facts are almost as elusive as those in the life of Cervantes' contemporary Shakespeare.

Señor Tomás admits to one or two love affairs in the poet's youthful years, when he was a private soldier in the service of the Pontifical delegate Acuaviva, in Rome and Naples. Those were the only carefree years of his life, and the author makes the most of their innocence and lyrical happiness. He does not discuss the problem of a certain warrant issued for the arrest of one Miguel de Cervantes for murder. And he may be justified, for Fitzmaurice Kelly, one of the most learned of all Cervantists, states that there is no means of identifying this unruly character with the man who was to become the patient civil servant and gentle author of "Don Quixote."

Nevertheless, this treatment of the biographical material leads us to expect a certain bias during the rest of the narrative, and towards the end we are forced to wonder how far the author is justified in his black portrait of Lope de Vega; and what right he has to believe so confidently that this famous dramatist and

enemy of Cervantes was the real author of the spurious and short-lived second part of the adventures of the wistful knight.

Señor Tomás will not even give Lope de Vega the benefit of the doubt when he has to confess that late in the history of the feud between the two poets, de Vega, acting as judge during a poetry competition in connection with the beatification of Saint Theresa, awarded a prize to the ageing Cervantes, and recited the poem himself. Señor Tomás interprets this action as follows. "Uncomplimentary to Lope though it may be, it is probably nearer the truth to imagine that he acted in this way with the deliberate intention of humiliating the old, unfortunate author whose pallid orb had once sought to eclipse the blinding splendour of Lope de Vega."

He does not comment on the fact that Cervantes had frequently attacked Lope's work and genius; nor does he point out that the attacks having failed, Lope had good cause to be generous without being necessarily insincere in that generosity. For nothing warms the heart and unseals the springs of impartiality so much as being in a strong position!

Apart, however, from this leaning towards idolatry, Señor Tomás's book gives a reliable and full account of the poet's life, with all its hopes and disappointments, its hardships and—further hardships, its financial straits, and its inconspicuous end. In re-reading these details of circumstance, so full of Renaissance picturesqueness, we are willing to overlook the somewhat conventional and hazy delineation of character, for we are convinced that a man of so varied a genius as Cervantes possessed must have had a more colourful, conflicting temperament than Señor Tomás would let us believe. For the most lofty genius is a child of gigantic storms, these terrifying conflicts in a soul possessed not only by God, but also by the devil.

RICHARD CHURCH.

Fox-Hunting

FOX-HUNTING. By J. R. YOUNG. With a foreword by LORD WINTERTON (Longmans Green.) 3s. 6d.

"FOX-HUNTING," a new book in The English Heritage Series, comes as a very welcome addition to the vast number of books which have been written on the subject over a period of three

hundred years. This little volume fills, it seems to me, a much-needed want, and it will be greatly appreciated not only by hunting people, but also by those who love to spend a day in the open watching from afar that sport in which perhaps they were never able to participate. In her foreword the authoress says that this book is not intended in any way to be a treatise of hunting, but rather as an attempt to set forth some of the many fascinations which have given fox-hunting such a warm place in the affections of those who are interested in it. It seems to me, however, that she has done much more than this, for the nine chapters into which the volume has been divided cover in a very complete way the various phases of the sport from its earliest inception to the present time, with a sympathetic understanding which one seldom finds.

The first three chapters are devoted to the Horse, the Fox and the Hound. These three component parts of the sport are described with a thoroughness and wealth of detail that one would hardly believe possible in so few words. The authoress has left few stones unturned in her search of interesting historical facts, and quotes frequently from books, many of which are not read by any, save a real student of the literature of the sport, dividing the wheat from the chaff with unerring judgment. There follows a short chapter on "Ancient Days" and another on "Transition" in which we are shown the gradual change which has taken place during the last century. The next chapter, which is called "A Selection of Hunts," is disappointing, because of the omission of many of national importance, but the following chapter, entitled "Good Company," which introduces the reader to many of the most interesting characters in hunting history, makes up for it.

The brief description of "The Hunting Year" follows, and the final chapter on "The Perfect Day" is as fine a description of that rarest of happenings as I have ever read. May the authoress have many such in the years that are to come.

A. HENRY HIGGINSON.

Club Gossip

By Quid Nunc

IT seems hardly credible that we have reached the half-year mark. Many houses have not given up fires, and for this I suppose, the icebergs in the Atlantic must be blamed. Yet the May-Fly arrived on time, between the 18th and the 22nd May, but the grand show will wait summer heat. Our seasons are not nearly so accurate in their habits and manners. I have seen snow in New York City on Independence Day, to the consternation of the holiday-makers. Which reminds me that the old expression, " Till May is out ne'er cast a clout " is inaccurate. It should be, " Till *the* May (i.e. the May-tree) is out ne'er cast a clout." And I have as yet looked in vain for the blossom around London.

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MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD'S sporting proclivities were enlarged when he attended the races at Sandown Park in the Royal box. Will he add to his knowledge by going to Epsom? Our political leaders, Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Lloyd George, and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, in common with most recent Prime Ministers —with the notable exception of the late Lord Rosebery—have taken very little interest, if any, in the most popular race of our national sport. The " Grand Old Man " went to the Derby in 1876 and was refused admission to the enclosure as "not known." Disraeli only went once, but the late Lord Oxford and Asquith went twice. As to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, he was asked if the House might adjourn for the Derby, to which he made reply that he had no knowledge of such a national festival. Is it any wonder our betting laws are archaic, inconsistent and hopeless?

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SOME people go to the Derby who never go to any other racecourse. " They just want to say "—as a Yankee puts it—" that they have seen the Derby." One such visitor was the late Herbert Spencer, the philosopher, who went with two College friends and did not like it, for he said " that the crowds on the grass looked very disagreeable, like flies upon a plate." One young officer—who had never been racing before and never went racing again—was separated in the crowds from his father and uncle, the one a retired General, the other a retired Admiral, backed the first winner at 20 to 1 with ten shillings, all he had on him, then put the £10 on at 10 to 1, and the £100 on the horse that won the Derby at 100 to 6, and came home as triumphant as his father and uncle were the opposite, losers on the day. The scene when they met at home can be better imagined than described.

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AT the first event run at Ascot, when the famous race meeting was instituted by Queen Anne, Her Majesty ran three horses, Mustard, Pepper and Star. These horses were tightly girthed to make them, as it was supposed, run the faster, and their training diet consisted of soaked bread and new laid eggs, while their jockeys were " heavy weights," garbed in suits of stiff taffeta.

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THE Queen was so delighted with the race that it was run again a few days later at her request. Queen Anne laid out the Ascot course and gave the 100 Guineas Plate, raced for in August 1711 for the first time. But it was George III who instituted the custom of State attendance, and his family circle being so numerous, thus originated the Royal procession up the course.

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HOLIDAYS in Switzerland are now within the means of all, as the cost of a nine days' holiday is but the cost of second-class travel. By the charter of the "William Tell" Special Train, leaving London every Saturday until September 8, the leading travel agencies are able to offer nine or sixteen days' holiday at specially tempting rates, inclusive of railway travel on Continental rail, and steamers, full board accommodation, and other facilities. "William Tell" passengers are also taken by the short sea route, so that the motto of "comfort with economy" is fully justified.

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I TASTED the other day a very finely-flavoured—I might say a very subtle, soothing flavour—French Vermouth, a product of the famous House of Cinzano, Turin, which is made at their Marseilles establishment. I compared it with other well-known brands and asked the opinion of four friends, without giving any indication of which glass held which Vermouth. The decision was unanimous in favour of "Fontorice," the name of this particular French brand. As a cooling drink in hot weather it should be unsurpassed with soda-water or other mineral beverage.

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THE Cameron Highlanders are coming in August to carry out the Guard Duties at the Royal Palaces, the Bank, and the Magazine in Hyde Park. It is some years since a kilted regiment, which always looks very smart mounting Guard, has been at the Palace. The last one was the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. But several regiments of the Infantry of the Line have been since to replace the Guards' Regiments when the latter are at their field training, among them the King's, the Sherwood Foresters, the Green Howards, the Buffs, the Royal Sussex, the Royal Welch Fusiliers, the South Lancashires, and the Lincolns. But from a picturesque point of view the Highlanders from Aldershot should be a big public draw.

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LET me add that I have heard of a number of people being pickpocketed witnessing the Guard Mounting Ceremonial. Apparently expert pickpockets make it a rendezvous. One young man taking over £60 home from the bank found it had disappeared when the Old Guard had marched home. And he came back very sorrowful to his father, who could ill afford to lose it.

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I HEAR that Simpson's Restaurant in the Strand will have "Royal Cygnet" as a dish later in the summer. There was a time when such a dish was considered to be a great delicacy, and the revival by this famous house of other Old English dishes makes those who try them envious of the days when these dishes were the more easily obtained. The only swan I ever ate was in North Russia, when hunger was a good sauce, and the bird was cooked in a snow oven.